A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

CONTAINING

The MINSTREL, or the Progress of Genius.
OWEN of CARRON.
ESSAY on MAN.
DESERTED VILLAGE.
TRAVELLER.
The GRAVE.
The HERMIT of WARKWORTH.
Sir ELDRED of the BOWER and the BLEEDING-ROCK.
The DIABOLIAD, Part First and Second.

BY

BEATTIE, LANGHORNE, POPE, GOLDSMITH, BLAIR, PERCY, MOORE, AND KENRICK.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL,
MDCCLXXIX.

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15 67
JUN

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1608/719

THE POETICAL WORKS,

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.


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THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS of GENIUS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The ſteep where Fame's proud temple ſhines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a ſoul ſublime
Has felt the influence of malignant ſtar,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the ſcoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppreſſive is to all.
Him who ne'er liſten'd to the voice of praiſe,
The ſilence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Wou'd ſhrink to hear th' obſtreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely bleſt, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had He, whoſe ſimple tale theſe artleſs lines proclaim.

III.

This ſapient age diſclaims all claſſic lore;
Elſe I ſhould here in cunning phraſe diſplay,
How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
And, from his bending ſhoulder, decent hung
His harp, the ſole companion of his way,
Which to the whiſtling wind reſponſive rung:
And ever as he went ſome merry lay he ſung.

IV.

Fret not yourſelves, ye ſilken ſons of pride,
That a poor wanderer ſhould inſpire my ſtrain.
The Muſes fortune's fickle ſmile deride,
Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane;
For their delights are with the village-train,
Whom Nature's laws engage, and Nature's charms:
They hate the ſenſual, and ſcorn the vain;
The paraſite their influence never warms,
Nor him whoſe ſordid ſoul the love of wealth alarms.

V.

Though richeſt hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror ſcreams from his diſcordant throat,
Riſe, ſons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on ruſſet pinions float;
Or ſeek at noon the woodland ſcene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er with artifical note,
To pleaſe a tyrant, ſtrain the little bill,
But ſing what heaven inſpires, and wander where they will.

VI.

Liberal, not laviſh, is kind nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her ſchemes with niceſt art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladneſs wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills ariſe;

There

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There plague and poiſon, luſt and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the ſkies,
And freedom fires the ſoul, and ſparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent Muſe
Vouchſafes a portion of celeſtial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuſe
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debaſe the heart which God refin'd;
No; let thy heaven-taught ſoul to heaven aſpire
To fancy, freedom, harmony, reſign;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canſt thou forego the pure etherial ſoul
In each fine ſenſe ſo exquiſitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with diſeaſe, and ſtupified with ſpleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's ſcreen,
Even from thyſelf thy loathſome heart to hide,
(The manſion then no more of joy ſerene)
Where fear, diſtruſt, malevolence, abide,
And impotent deſire, and diſappointed pride?

IX.

O how canſt thou renounce the boundleſs ſtore
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the reſounding ſhore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the ſong of even,
All that the mountain's ſheltering boſom ſhields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canſt thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X.

Theſe charms ſhall work thy ſoul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleneſs, and joy, impart.

But theſe thou muſt renounce, if luſt of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
For, ah! it poiſons like a ſcorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wiſh, the ſelfiſh ſcheme,
The ſtern reſolve unmoved by pity's ſmart,
The troublous day, and long diſtreſsful dream.—
Return, my roving Muſe, reſume thy purpoſed theme.

XI.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A ſhepherd-ſwain, a man of low degree;
Whoſe ſires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie *:
A nation famed for ſong, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modeſt; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; ſerene amidſt alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

XII.

The ſhepherd-ſwain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The ſickle ſcythe, or plough, he never ſway'd;
An honeſt heart was almoſt all his ſtock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams ſupplied his board, and lent,
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's ſhock;
And he, though oft with duſt and ſweat beſprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereſoe'er they went.

---

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad, or Romance, wherein a Minſtrel or Harper appears, but he is characteriſed, by way of eminence, to have been "*Of the North Countrie*;" It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the North of the Trent.

See *Percy's* Eſſay on the Engliſh Minſtrels

XIII.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment ſprings.
Contentment opes the ſource of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings;
Nor from thoſe appetites ſuſtain'd annoy,
Which chance may fruſtrate, or indulgence cloy;
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor miſtreſs coy,
For on his vows the blameleſs Phœbe ſmiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child

XIV.

No jealouſy their dawn of love o'ercaſt,
Nor blaſted were their wedded days with ſtrife;
Each ſeaſon look'd delightful as it paſt,
To the fond huſband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of ſhepherd life
They never roam'd; ſecure beneath the ſtorm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy induſtrious deform.

XV.

The wight whoſe tale theſe artleſs lines unfold,
Was all the offſpring of this ſimple pair.
His birth no oracle or ſeer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a ſtrange event declare.
You gueſs each circumſtance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's tranſport, and the parent's care;
The Goſſip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long ſummer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft ſeem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one ſhort pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though ſhy;
And now his look was moſt demurely ſad,

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours ſtar'd and ſigh'd, yet bleſs'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wond'rous wiſe, and ſome believ'd
him mad.

XVII.

But why ſhould I his childiſh feats diſplay?
Concourſe, and noiſe, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of ſquabbling imps, but to the foreſt ſped,
Or, roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of ſome bewilder'd ſtream
To deep untrodden groves his footſteps led,
There would he wander wild, 'till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the weſtern cliff, releaſed the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of ſtrength, dexterity, or ſpeed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel ſport enſtranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net, by arrow, or by ſling;
Theſe he deteſted, thoſe he ſcorn'd to wield:
He wiſh'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far leſs, or traitor of the field.
And ſure the ſylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the ſtripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And ſees, on high, amidſt th' encircling groves
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents ſhine:
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And Echo ſwells the chorus to the ſkies.
Would Edwin this majeſtic ſcene reſign
For aught the huntſemen's puny craft ſupplies?
Ah! no; he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to ſurvey,
When o'er the ſky advanced the kindling dawn,

The

The crimſon cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the ſmoky lawn;
Far to the weſt the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.—— ſmile.
But, lo! the ſun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in miſt the world below was loſt.
What dreadful pleaſure! there to ſtand ſublime,
Like ſhipwreck'd mariner on deſert coaſt,
And view th' enormous waſte of vapour, toſt
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now ſcoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboſs'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and ſong rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a ſtrange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful ſcene.
In darkneſs, and in ſtorm, he found delight:
Nor leſs, than when an ocean-wave ſerene
The ſouthern ſun diffuſed his dazzling ſhene.
Even ſad viciſſitude amuſed his ſoul:
And if a ſigh would ſometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A ſigh, a tear, ſo ſweet, he wiſh'd not to controul,

XXIII.

'O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!'
(The Muſe interprets thus his tender thought.)
'Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
'Of late ſo grateful in the hour of drought!
'Why do the birds, that ſong and rapture brought
'To all your bowers, their manſions now forſake?
'Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought;
'For now the ſtorm howls mournful through the brake,
'And the dead foliage flies in many a ſhapeleſs flake.

Where

XXIV.

'Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
'And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
'Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
'Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
'Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
'The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
'And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
'Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
'Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

'Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
'So flourishes and fades majestic man.
'Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
'And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
'O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
'Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
'Nor lessen of his life the little span.
'Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
'Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

'And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
'Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojurn.
'But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
'Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
'Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
'Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
'Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
'And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
'Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

'Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
'When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
'Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
'Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
'Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
'With disappointment, penury, and pain?—

No;

'No: Heaven's immortal ſpring ſhall yet arrive;
'And man's majeſtic beauty bloom again,
'Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
'reign.'

XXVIII.

This truth ſublime his ſimple ſire had taught,
In ſooth, 'twas almoſt all the ſhepherd knew,
No ſubtle nor ſuperfluous lore he ſought,
Nor ever wiſh'd his Edwin to purſue.
'Let man's own ſphere (quoth he) confine his view,
'Be man's peculiar work his ſole delight.'
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eſchew
Falſehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleaſure unſeduced, unawed by lawleſs might.

XXIX.

'And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
'O never, never turn away thine ear,
'Forlorn in this bleak wilderneſs below,
'Ah! what were men, ſhould Heaven refuſe to hear!
'To others do (the law is not ſevere)
'What to thyſelf thou wiſheſt to be done.
'Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
'And friends, and native land; nor thoſe alone;
'All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own.'

XXX.

See in the rear of the warm ſunny ſhower,
The viſionary boy from ſhelter fly!
For now the ſtorm of ſummer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and freſh, and fragrant is the ſky!
And, lo! in the dark eaſt, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the ſetting ſun;
Fond fool, that deem'ſt the ſtreaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardor has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpoſed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet could'ſt thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleaſure, wealth, or power, the boſom warm,

This

This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And Diſappointment of her ſting diſarm.—
But why ſhould foreſight thy fond heart alarm?
Periſh the lore that deadens young deſire!
Purſue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleaſing fire:
Fancy and Hope too ſoon ſhall of themſelves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-ſounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening ſtar,
Lingering and liſtening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corſes pale;
And ghoſts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till ſilenced by the owl's terrific ſong,
Or blaſt that ſhrieks by fits the ſhuddering iſles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the ſetting moon, in crimſon dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted ſtream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till ſleep
A viſion brought to his intranced ſight.
And firſt, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear: then tapers bright,
With inſtantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of Night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Aroſe; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an hoſt of little warriors march,
Graſping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their ſilk attire:
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed miniſtrels wake the warbling wire,
And ſome with mellow breath the martial pipe inſpire.

With

XXXV.

With merriment, and ſong, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and ſpear,
And loud enlivening ſtrains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel aſkance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous ſpring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing foreſts blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who ſcar'dſt the viſion with thy clarion ſhrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft haſt reft away
My fancied good, and brought ſubſtantial ill!
O to thy curſed ſcream, diſcordant ſtill,
Let Harmony aye ſhut her gentle ear:
Thy boaſtful mirth let jealous rivals ſpill,
Inſult thy creſt, and gloſſy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthleſs fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muſe. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the ſpell. Thine Edwin frets not ſo.
For how ſhould he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amuſement flow?
Even now his eyes with ſmiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the ſcenes of morn,
Where freſh flowers in living luſture blow,
Where thouſand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thouſand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babling down the mountain ſide;
The lowing herd; the ſheepfold's ſimple bell;
The pipe of early ſhepherd dim deſcried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmer of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the univerſal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid ſings;
The whiſtling plowman ſtalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough ſlope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through ruſtling corn the hare aſtoniſh'd ſprings;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowſy hour;
The partrige burſts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in ſequeſter'd bower,
And ſhrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm ſupreme!
Whoſe votaries feaſt on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of ſeraphim,
To ſing thy glories with devotion due!
Bleſt be the day I 'ſcaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' ſty;
And held high converſe with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who ſnare and ſtupefy the mind,
Sophiſts, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who ſpread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whoſe rankling ſlime
Firſt gave you form! hence! leſt the Muſe ſhould deign,
(Though loath on theme ſo mean to waſte a rhyme),
With vengeance to purſue your ſacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty maſters of the lay,
Nature's true ſons, the friends of man and truth!

Whoſe

Whoſe ſong, ſublimely ſweet, ſerenely gay,
Amuſed my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your ſpirit ſtill my boſom ſooth,
Inſpire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can ſooth;
For well I know, where-ever ye reſide.
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! abandon'd on the loneſome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when againſt the winter's drenching rain,
And driving ſnow, the cottage ſhut the door.
Then, as inſtructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and ſtrange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, diſplay'd;
Or merry ſwains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And ſing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that ſuckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade *,
Midſt fiends and ſpectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight ſtorm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement roſe,
A gentler ſtrain the Beldam would rehearſe,

---

* Alluſion to SHAKESPEAR.
Macbeth. How now, ye ſecret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
Witches. A deed without a Name.

A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by luſt of lucre ſear'd to ſtone!
For ſure, if aught of virtue laſt, or verſe,
To lateſt times ſhall tender ſouls bemoan,
Thoſe helpleſs orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries ſmear'd, with brambles torn *,
The babes now famiſh'd lay them down to die,
'Midſt the wild howl of darkſome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor ſtranger, hears their dying cry:
'For from the town the man returns no more.'
But thou, who Heaven's juſt vengeance dareſt defy,
This deed with fruitleſs tears ſhalt ſoon deplore,
When Death lays waſte thy houſe, and flames conſume thy ſtore.

XLVII.

A ſtifled ſmile of ſtern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's ſtarting tear.—
'But why ſhould gold man's feeble mind decoy,
'And Innocence thus die by doom ſevere?,
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet ſincere,
Th' aſſaults of diſcontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal ſphere;
But let us hope,——to doubt is to rebel,——
Let us exult in hope, that all ſhall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Miſery given;
From Guilt's contagious power ſhall that protect,
This ſoften and refine the ſoul for heaven.

---

* See the fine old ballad, called, *The Children in the wood.*

But

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt hath driven
To cenſure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blaſted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that paſs, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whoſe birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one ſummer-day,
Shall the poor gnat with diſcontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature haſtens to decay,
If but a cloud obſtruct the ſolar ray,
If but a momentary ſhower deſcend!
Or ſhall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainſay,
Which bade the ſeries of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly ſcan
Through the dark medium of life's feveriſh dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole ſtupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous ſeem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our bleſſings riſe.
O then renounce that impious ſelf-eſteem,
That aims to trace the ſecrets of the ſkies;
For thou art but of duſt; be humble, and be wiſe.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his ſoul in riper years.
For Nature gave him ſtrength, and fire, to ſoar,
On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted ſceptics, creeping pore
Through microſcope of metaphyſic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art prepoſterous renders more unfit;
Yet deem they darkneſs light, and their vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jeſt, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the ſhepherds round their ſocial hearth;
Whom levity or ſpleen could ne'er entice
To purchaſe chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a ruſtic taſte ſo nice.—
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-ſtorm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the ſnowy waſte at even, to view
The cloud ſtupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, ſail along the horizon blue:
Where 'midſt the changeful ſcenery ever new
Fancy a thouſand wondrous forms deſcries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and ſhapes of giant ſize;
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts riſe.

LIV.

Thence muſing onward to the ſounding ſhore,
The lone enthuſiaſt oft would take his way,
Liſtening with pleaſing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When ſulpurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he haſten'd from the haunt of man,
A long the darkening wilderneſs to ſtray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Reſponſive to the ſprightly pipe when all
In ſprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the ſoft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity ſeem'd noiſe and folly.

When

To the pure ſoul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that muſic cannot melt?
Ah me! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there who ne'er thoſe myſtic tranſports felt
Of ſolitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muſe; he is her ſcorn.
The ſophiſt's rope of cobweb he ſhall twine;
Mope o'er the ſchoolman's peeviſh page; or mourn,
And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the ſcoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton ſwine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and firſt purſuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languiſh'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
His infant muſe, though artleſs, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at laſt this fruit ſo rare:
As in ſome future verſe I purpoſe to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, ſea, or ſky,
By chance, or ſearch, was offer'd to his view,
He ſcann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could ſupply
From Gothic tale, or ſong, or fable old,
Rous'd him ſtill keen to liſten and to pry.
At laſt, though long by penury control'd,
And ſolitude, his ſoul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month loſt in ſnow profound,

When Sol from Cancer ſends the ſeaſon bland,
And in their northern cave the ſtorms hath bound;
From ſilent mountains, ſtraight, with ſtartling ſound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peaſant's heart o'erflow.*

LX.

Here pauſe my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leiſure hour is all that thou canſt claim.
But if ***** on this labour ſmile,
New ſtrains erelong ſhall animate thy frame;
And his applauſe to me is more than fame;
For ſtill with truth accords his taſte refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wiſh to pleaſe the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inſpire, and love of humankind.

---

*Spring and Autum are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the ſun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with ſnow, appear of a ſudden full of graſs and flowers.

SCHEFFER's Hiſtory of Lapland, p. 61.

THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS of GENIUS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

HORACE.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have bloom'd. *

* See PLATO's Timeus.

II.

II.

But ſure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor ſearch the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourſelves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But ſpare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or ſympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendſhip's flame is mine.

III.

So I, obſequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And ſmite the Gothic lyre with harſher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I ſported many a-day,
Warbling and ſauntering careleſly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantick, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artleſs all, as Edwin's infant ſong.

IV.

'Periſh the lore that deadens young deſire'
Is the ſoft tenor of my ſong no more.
Edwin, though loved of heaven, muſt not aſpire
To bliſs, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy ſoar,
Nor always haunt the ſunny realms of joy;
But now and then the ſhades of life explore;
Though many a ſound and ſight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his riſing hopes deſtroy.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly bloſſom, warm in ſummer bower,
Some tints of tranſient beauty may diſcloſe;
But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks: Superior to the power
Of all the waring winds of heaven they riſe,

And

And from the ſtormy promontory tower,
And toſs their giant arms amid the ſkies,
While each aſſailing blaſt increaſe of ſtrength ſupplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more ſublime.
One evening, as he framed the careleſs rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the ſcene;
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic ſpell,
Here ſcorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and eaſt this ſavage dell;
Southward a mountain roſe with eaſy ſwell,
Whoſe long long groves eternal murmur made;
And towards the weſtern ſun a ſtreamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, ſurvey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and ſkies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might ſee
The wild deer ſporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a ſolitary tree,
Or moſſy ſtone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the ſound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the ſummit of that craggy mound
The pearching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on reſounding wings to ſhoot athwart the ſky.

IX.

One cultivated ſpot there was, that ſpread
Its flowery boſom to the noonday beam,

Where

Where many a roſe-bud rears its bluſhing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling ſound of grove and ſtream
Romantick viſions ſwarm on Edwin's ſoul:
He minded not the ſun's laſt trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;—
When ſlowly on his ear theſe moving accents ſtole.

X.

'Hail, awful ſcenes, that calm the troubled breaſt,
'And woo the weary to profound repoſe;
'Can paſſion's wildeſt uproar lay to reſt,
'And whiſper comfort to the man of woes!
'Here Innocence may wander ſafe from foes,
'And Contemplation ſoar on ſeraph wings.
'O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
'When lucre lures him, or ambition ſtings,
'Shall never know the ſource whence real grandeur
'ſprings.

XI.

'Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
'Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
'To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
'It is thy weakneſs that requires their aid:—
'To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
'They fear the thief, and tremble in the ſtorm:—
'To hoſts, through carnage who to conqueſt wade?
'Behold the victor vanquiſh'd by the worm!
'Behold, what deeds of woe the locuſt can perform!'

XII.

'True dignity is his, whoſe tranquil mind
'Virtue has raiſed above the things below,
'Who, every hope and fear to heaven reſign'd,
'Shrinks not, though fortune aim her deadlieſt blow,
—This ſtrain from midſt the rocks was heard to flow
In ſolmn ſounds. Now beam'd the evening ſtar;
And from embattled clouds emerging ſlow
Cynthia came riding on her ſilver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs ſhone faintly from afar.

XIII.

XIII.

Soon did the ſolemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder liſtening ſtood)
'Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
'Scorn'd by the wiſe and hated by the good!
'Ye only can engage the ſervile brood
'Of Levity and Luſt, who, all their days,
'Aſhamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
'And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
'Seems to outſhine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
'blaze.

XIV.

'Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's ſway,
'I ſought for glory in the paths of guile;
'And fawn'd and ſmiled, to plunder and betray,
'Myſelf betray'd and plunder'd all the while:
'So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
'But now with pangs of keen remorſe I rue
'Thoſe years of trouble and debaſement vile.—
'Yet why ſhould I this cruel theme purſue!
'Fly, fly, deteſted thoughts, for ever from my view.

XV.

'The guſts of appetite, the clouds of care,
'And ſtorms of diſappointment, all o'erpaſt,
'Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven ſhall ſhare
'This heart, where peace ſerenely ſhines at laſt.
'And if for me no treaſure be amaſs'd,
'And if no future age ſhall hear my name,
'I lurk the more ſecure from fortune's blaſt,
'And with more leiſure feed this pious flame,
'Whoſe rapture far tranſcends the faireſt hopes of fame.

XVI.

'The end and the reward of toil is reſt.
'Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
'Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power poſſeſs'd,
'Who ever felt his weight of woe decreaſe!

Ah!

'Ah! what avails the love of Rome and Greece,
'The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious ſtring,
'The duſt of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
'All that art, fortune, enterpriſe, can bring,
'If envy, ſcorn, remorſe, or pride the boſom wring!

XVII.

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
'With trophies, rhymes, and ſcutcheons of renown,
'In the deep dungeon of ſome Gothic dome,
'Where night and diſolation ever frown.
'Mine be the breezy hill that ſkirts the down;
'Where a green graſſy turf is all I crave,
'With here and there a violet beſtrown,
'Faſt by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave
'And many an evening ſun ſhine ſweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

'And thither let the village ſwain repair!
'And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
'To deck with flowers her half-diſhevel'd hair,
'And celebrate the merry morn of May.
'There let the ſhepherd's pipe the live-long day
'Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
'And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
'Let not the blooming band make haſte to go;
'No ghoſt nor ſpell my long and laſt abode ſhall know.

XIX.

'For though I fly to ſcape from Fortune's rage,
'And bear the ſcars of envy, ſpite, and ſcorn,
'Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
'Yet with no impious ſpleen my breaſt is torn:
'For virtue loſt, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
'O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
'Whom nature's beſt divineſt gifts adorn,
'Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
'And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled!

'Along

XX.

'Along yon glittering ſky what glory ſtreams!
'What majeſty attends night's lovely queen!
'Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
'And mountains riſe, and oceans roll between,
'And all conſpire to beautify the ſcene.
'But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
'What forms of mournful, loathſome, furious mien!
'O when ſhall that Eternal Morn appear,
'Theſe dreadful forms to chaſe, this choas dark to clear!

XXI.

'O thou, at whoſe creative ſmile, you heaven,
'In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
'Roſe from th' abyſs! when dark Confuſion driven
'Down down the bottomleſs profound of night,
'Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing ſight;
'O glance on theſe ſad ſhades one pitying ray,
'To blaſt the fury of oppreſſive might,
'Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's ſway,
'And chear the wandering ſoul, and light him on the
'way.'

XXII.

Silence enſued: and Edwin raiſed his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
'And is it thus in courtly life' (he cries)
'That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
'And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
'Each ſocial inſtinct, and ſublime deſire!—
'Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
'If what the great purſue, and learn'd admire,
'Thus diſſipate and quench the ſoul's etherial fire!'

XXIII.

He ſaid and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in ſilent oriſons employed.
The Youth his riſing ſorrow to aſſuage,
Home as he hied, the evening ſcene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obſcures the ſtarry void;
The yellow moonlight ſleeps on all the hills;

Nor is the mind with ſtartling ſounds annoy'd,
A ſoothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills,

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
The voice ſtill ſeem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durſt he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
For man he ſeem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
And none ſpeaks falſe, where there is none to hear.
'Yet can man's gentle heart become ſo fell!
'No more in vain conjecture let me wear
'My hours away, but ſeek the Hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care diſpel.'

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain paſs'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where in a flowery nook,
And ſeated on a moſſy ſtone; he ſpied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beſide.
A ſtag ſprang from the paſture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand, that tied
A wreathe of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret ſmall.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage aroſe, and ſaw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modeſt awe
Depreſs'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
'Who art thou, courteous ſtranger; and from whence?
'Why roam thy ſteps to this abandon'd dale?'
'A ſhepherd-boy (the Youth replied), far hence
'My habitation; hear my artleſs tale;
'Nor levity nor falſhood ſhall thine ear aſſail.

XXVII.

'Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
'I reach'd at eve this wilderneſs profound;

'And

'And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
'Heard theſe rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
'(For in thy ſpeech I recogniſe the ſound.)
'You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue loſt,
'And ſeem'd to feel of keen remorſe the wound,
'Pondering on former days, by guilt engroſs'd,
'Or in the giddy ſtorm of diſſipation toſs'd.

XXVIII.

'But ſay, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
'Where knowledge opens and exalts the ſoul;
'Where Fortune laviſhes her gifts unearn'd,
'Can ſelfiſhneſs the liberal heart controul?
'Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
'As thoſe which felons, fiends, and furies plan?
'Spiders enſnare, ſnakes poiſon, tygers prowl;
'Love is the godlike attribute of man.
'O teach a ſimple Youth this myſtery to ſcan.

XXIX.

'Or elſe the lamentable ſtrain diſclaim,
'And give me back the calm, contented mind;
'Which, late, exulting, view'd, in Nature's frame,
'Goodneſs untainted, wiſdom unconfined,
'Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
'Reſtore thoſe tranquil days, that ſaw me ſtill
'Well pleaſed with all, but moſt with humankind;
'When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold diſtruſt, and uninform'd of ill.

XXX.

'Wouldſt thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
'To the gay dreams of fond romantick youth,
'Leave me to hide in this remote ſojourn,
'From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
'For if my deſultory ſtrain with ruth
'And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
'Alas! what comfort could thy anguiſh ſooth,
'Shouldſt thou th' extent of human folly know.
'Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to wo.

XXXI.

'But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
'Nor venture to arraign the dread decree:
'For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
'The voice of The Eternal ſaid, Be free:
'And this divine prerogative to thee
'Does virtue, happineſs, and heaven convey;
'For virtue is the child of liberty,
'And happineſs of virtue; nor can they
'Be free to keep the path who are not free to ſtray.

XXXII.

Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
'Which elſe might thy young virtue overpower;
'And in thy converſe I ſhall find relief,
'When the dark ſhades of melancholy lower;
'For ſolitude has many a dreary hour,
'Even when exempt from grief, remorſe, and pain:
'Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
'Amuſement, knowledge, wiſdom thou may'ſt gain:
'If I one ſoul improve, I have not lived in vain.'

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muſe of hiſtory unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the ſcenes her art diſplays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirſt of power in blood aſſwage,
And ſtraight their flames with tenfold fierceneſs burn:
Here ſmiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, erelong, is left alone to mourn,
And languiſh in the duſt, and claſp th' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

'Ah, what avails (he ſaid) to trace the ſprings
'That whirl of empire the ſtupendous wheel!
'Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
'Hands drench'd in blood, and breaſts begirt with
'ſteel!

'To

'To thoſe, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
'Heroes, alas! are things of ſmall concern.
'Could Hiſtory man's ſecret heart reveal,
'And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
'Her tranſcripts to explore what boſom would not yearn!

XXXV.

'This praiſe, O Cheronean Sage *, is thine.
'(Why ſhould this praiſe to thee alone belong!)
'All elſe from Nature's moral path decline,
'Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
'To herd in cabinets and camps, among
'Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
'Or chaunt of heraldry the drowſy ſong,
'How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
'Rolls to a thouſand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVI.

'O who of man the ſtory will unfold,
'Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
'In that elyſian age (miſnamed of gold)
'The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
'When all were great and free! man's ſole employ
'To deck the boſom of his parent earth;
'Or toward his bower the murmuring ſtream decoy,
'To aid the ſloweret's long-expected birth,
'And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVII.

'Sweet were your ſhades, O ye primeval groves,
'Whoſe boughs to man his food and ſhelter lent,
'Pure in his pleaſures, happy in his loves,
'His eye ſtill ſmiling, and his heart content.
'Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport and Labour went.
'Nature ſupply'd the wiſh ſhe taught to crave.
'None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
'To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
'No vaſſal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his ſlave.

* PLUTARCH.

XXXVIII.

'But ah! th' Hiſtorick Muſe has never dared
'To pierce thoſe hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
'Pour'd on the viſion of th' enraptured Bard,
'That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
'Then hail ſweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
'That weans the weary ſoul from guilt and woe!
'Careleſs what others of my choice may deem,
'I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
'And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know.'

XXXIX.

'I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
'For ſoft and ſmooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
'And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
'The young adventurer unſafely plays.
'Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
'In modeſt Truth no light nor beauty find.
'And who, my child, would truſt the meteor-blaze,
'That ſoon muſt fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
'More dark and helpleſs far, than if it ne'er had ſhined?

XL.

'Fancy enervates, while it ſooths, the heart,
'And while it dazzles, wounds the mental ſight:
'To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
'But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
'And often, where no real ills affright,
'Its viſionary fiends, an endleſs train,
'Aſſail with equal or ſuperior might,
'And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
'And ſhivering nerves, ſhoot ſtings of more than mortal
'pain.

XLI.

'And yet, alas, the real ills of life
'Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
'Prepared for patient, long, laborious ſtrife,
'Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.

We

'We fare on earth as other men have fared:
'Were they ſucceſsful? Let not us deſpair.
'Was diſappointment oft their ſole reward?
'Yet ſhall their tale inſtruct, if it declare,
'How they have borne the load ourſelves are doom'd to
'bear,

XLII.

'What charms th' Hiſtorick Muſe adorn, from ſpoils,
'And blood, and tyrants, when ſhe wings her flight,
'To hail the patriot Prince, whoſe pious toils
'Sacred to ſcience, liberty, and right,
'And peace, through every age divinely bright
'Shall ſhine the boaſt and wonder of mankind!
'Sees yonder ſun from his meridian height,
'A lovelier ſcene, than Virtue thus inſhrined
'In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined?

XLIII.

'Hail ſacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
'Hail ſacred Freedom, when by Law reſtrain'd!
'Without you what were man? A groveling herd
'In darkneſs, wretchedneſs, and want enchain'd.
'Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
'In arts unrival'd: O, to lateſt days,
'In Albion may your influence unprofaned
'To godlike worth the generous boſom raiſe,
'And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays.

XLIV.

—'But now let other themes our care engage.
'For lo, with modeſt yet majeſtick grace,
'To curb Imagination's lawleſs rage,
'And from within the cheriſh'd heart to brace,
'Philoſophy appears. The gloomy race
'By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
'Fear, Diſcontent, Solicitude give place,
'And Hope and Courage brighten in their ſtead,
'While on the kindling ſoul her vital beams are ſhed.

XLV.

XLV.

'Then waken from long lethargy to life *
'The ſeeds of happineſs, and powers of thought
'Then jarring appetites forgo their ſtrife,
'A ſtrife by ignorance to madneſs wrought.
'Pleaſure by ſavage man is dearly bought
'With fell revenge, luſt that defies controul,
'With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
'Is a dark waſte, where fiends and tempeſts howl;
'As Phebus to the world, is Science to the ſoul.

XLVI.

'And Reaſon now through Number, Time, and Space,
'Darts the keen luſtre of her ſerious eye,
'And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
'Whoſe long progreſſion leads to Deity.
'Can mortal ſtrength preſume to ſoar ſo high!
'Can mortal ſight, ſo oft bedim'd with tears,
'Such glory bear!—for lo, the ſhadows fly
'From nature's face; Confuſion diſappears,
'And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

XLVII.

'In the deep windings of the grove, no more
'The hag obſcene, and grieſly phantom dwell;
'Nor in the fall of mountain-ſtream, or roar
'Of winds, is heard the angry ſpirit's yell;
'No wizard mutters the tremendous ſpell,
'Nor ſinks convulſive in prophetick ſwoon;
'Nor bids the noiſe of drums and trumpets ſwell,
'To eaſe of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
'Or chace the ſhade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLVIII.

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* The influence of the Philoſophick Spirit—in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleaſure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the ſyſtem of the univerſe;—in baniſhing ſuperſtition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political ſcience:—from Stanza XLV, to Stanza LV.

XLVIII.

'Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
'Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
'Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
'And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
'Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
'Or scorched on rock, he pines from day to day;
'But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
'The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
'And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

XLIX.

'And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
'With the full pomp of vegetable store,
'Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
'Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
'Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
'Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
'For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
'Nestles each murderous and each monsterous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

L.

''Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
'The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
'Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
'Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled,
'The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
'Bring health and melody to every vale:
'And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
'Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
'To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LI.

'What dire necessities on every hand
'Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
'Of foes intestine what a numerous band
'Against this little throb of life conspire!
'Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
'A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
'Sooth the the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
'And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
'And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LII.

'Nor leſs to regulate man's moral frame
'Science exerts her all-compoſing ſway.
'Flutters thy breaſt with fear, or pants for fame,
'Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
'Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
'Flee to the ſhade of Academus' grove;
'Where cares moleſt not, diſcord melts away
'In harmony, and the pure paſſions prove [Love.
'How ſweet the words of truth breathed from lips of

LIII.

'What cannot Art and Induſtry perform,
'When Science plans the progreſs of their toil!
'They ſmile at penury, diſeaſe and ſtorm;
'And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil,
'When tyrants ſcourge, or demagogues embroil
'A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
'Order transforms to anarchy and ſpoil,
'Deep-verſed in man the philoſophick Sage
'Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to aſſwage.

LIV.

''Tis he alone, whoſe comprehenſive mind,
'From ſituation, temper, ſoil, and clime
'Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
'And various orders, in one Form ſublime
'Of polity, that, midſt the wrecks of time,
'Secure ſhall lift its head on high, nor fear
'Th' aſſault of foreign or domeſtick crime,
'While publick faith, and public love ſincere,
'And Induſtry and Law maintain their ſway ſevere.'

LV.

Enraptured by the Hermit's ſtrain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind diſcloſes: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the ſkies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conſcious of her power,
Sublime from cauſe to cauſe exults to riſe,
Creation's blended ſtores arranging as ſhe flies.

LVI.

Nor love of novelty alone inſpires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to ſcan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the ſervices man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold deſponding breaſt of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Induſtry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.

But She, who ſet on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings ſhared
And bleſs'd, the Muſe, and her celeſtial art,
Still claim'd th' Enthuſiaſt's fond and firſt regard.
From Nature's beauties variouſly compared
And variouſly combined, he learns to frame
Thoſe forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundleſs hopes and boundleſs views inflame,
Enamour'd conſecrates to never-dying fame.

LVIII.

Of late, with cumberſome, though pompous ſhow,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but nature now
To his experienced eye a modeſt grace
Preſents, where ornament the ſecond place
Holds, to intrinſick worth and juſt deſign
Subſervient ſtill. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phraſe, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LIX.

Fain would I ſing (much yet unſung remains)
What ſweet delirium o'er his boſom ſtole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains *
His deep majeſtick melody 'gan roll:

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* Virgil.

Fain would I ſing, what tranſport ſtorm'd his ſoul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Gracefully terrible, ſublimely ſtrong, (ſong.
Homer raiſed high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous

LX.

And how his lyre, though rude her firſt eſſays,
Now ſkill'd to ſooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful ſtrain,
I fain would ſing:—but ah! I ſtrive in vain.—
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
With trembling ſtep, to join yon weeping train,
I haſte, where gleams funereal glare around, [ſound.
And mix'd with ſhrieks of woe, the knells of death re-

LXI.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The ſoft amuſement of the vacant mind!
He ſleeps in duſt, and all the Muſes mourn,
He, whom each Virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind! *—
He ſleeps in duſt.——Ah, how ſhould I purſue
My theme!——To heart-conſuming grief reſign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.——Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXII.

Art thou my G*******, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's ſtorms aſſail this weary head,
Where cares long ſince have ſhed untimely ſnow,
Ah, now for comfort whither ſhall I go!
No more thy ſoothing voice my anguiſh chears:
Thy placid eyes with ſmiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cheriſh, and allay my fears.— tears.
'Tis meet that I ſhould mourn:—flow forth afreſh my

* This excellent perſon died ſuddenly, on the 10th of February 1773. The concluſion of the poem was written a few days after.

RETIREMENT. *

WHEN in the crimſon cloud of Even
The lingering light decays,
And Heſper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem diſplays;
Deep in the ſilent vale, unſeen,
Beſide a lulling ſtream,
A penſive Youth of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whoſe windings wild
Murmurs the ſolemn gale;
Where Melancholy ſtrays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the weſtern deep:

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me at laſt recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modeſt Power,
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

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* This, and moſt of the following pieces, are taken from a Collection of juvenile Poems by the ſame hand, publiſh'd many years ago. The Editor hopes they will be agreeable to his readers: but it was with difficulty he could prevail on the Author to conſent to their being reprinted.

How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs Fair!
Thy heavenly ſmile how win!
Thy ſmile that ſmooths the brow of Care,
And ſtills the ſtorm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on ſilent wing.

Oft let remembrance ſooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Diſtruſt alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His ſimple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart ſincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the ſhade.
Ah why did Fate his ſteps decoy
In ſtormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the Wanderer home.

Thy ſhades, thy ſilence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whoſe pine
Waves o'er the gloomy ſtream,
Whence the ſcared owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale ſails away
To more profound repoſe.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling ſong,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;

Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye.

But if ſome pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And liſten to his lore:
For he of joys divine ſhall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty ſpell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb thoſe toilſome heights
By guileful Hope miſled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enliveming ſtrain;
For preſent pleaſure ſoon is o'er,
And all the paſt is vain.

E L E G Y.

STILL ſhall unthinking man ſubſtantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amuſive plays,
Shall heedleſs Hope the towering fabric raiſe?
Till at Death's touch the fairy viſions fly,
And real ſcenes ruſh diſmal on the eye;
And from Elyſium's balmy ſlumber torn
The ſtartled ſoul awakes, to think, and mourn.
O ye, whoſe hours in jocund train advance,
Whoſe ſpirits to the ſong of gladneſs dance,
Who flowery vales in endleſs view ſurvey
Glittering in beams of viſionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be rouſed to thought, anticipate the blow;
Leſt, like the lightning's glance, the ſudden ill
Flaſh to confound, aud penetrate to kill;
Leſt, thus encompaſs'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er ſome untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's ſacred doom ſevere.
Wiſe, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whoſe leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild as the ſtrains, that, at the cloſe of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!——
Yet, why with theſe compared? What tints ſo fine,
What ſweetneſs, mildneſs, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since ſtill, to Fancy's eyes,
I ſee, I ſee thy lovely form ariſe.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces ſmile;

That

That ſoul-expreſſing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekneſs beams ineffable delight ;
That brow, where Wiſdom ſits enthroned ſerene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
Still let me liſten, while her words impart
The ſweet effuſions of the blameleſs heart,
Till all my ſoul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's eaſy ſway.

By thee inſpired, O Virtue, Age is young,
And muſick warbles from the faltering tongue :
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with roſy glow,
Brightens the joyleſs aſpect, and ſupplies
Pure heavenly luſtre to the languid eyes :
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Reſiſtleſs on the view the glory ſtreams,
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternatively alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

And whither fled !—ye dear illuſions ſtay—
Lo, pale and ſilent lies the lovely clay.—
How are the roſes on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth diſplay'd !
Health on her form each ſprightly grace beſtow'd;
With life and thought each ſpeaking feature glow'd.—
Fair was the flower, and ſoft the vernal ſky ;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempeſt nigh ;
When lo, a whirlwind's inſtantaneous guſt
Left all its beauties withering in the duſt.

All cold the hand, that ſoothed Woe's weary head !
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that ſhed !
And mute the voice, whoſe pleaſing accents ſtole,
Infuſing balm, into the rankled ſoul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And ſpare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !
Why fly thy ſhafts in lawleſs error driven !
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !——
But peace, bold thought ! be ſtill my burſting heart !
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
Scaped the dark dungeon does the ſlave complain,
Nor bleſs the hand that broke the galling chain ?

Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where Reaſon's meteor-rays, with ſickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
Diſcloſing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy ſeas in ſtorm perpetual toſs'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths loſt.
O happy ſtroke, that burſts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the ſoul with boundleſs flight to ſoar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.
Tranſporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the ſwimming eye o'erflows anew,
Nor check the ſacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in ſpeechleſs, hopeleſs anguiſh, bend
O'er her loved duſt, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
How vain the hope of man!—But ceaſe thy ſtrain,
Nor Sorrow's dread ſolemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In ſilence ſhed the ſympathetick tear.

ODE

To HOPE.

I. 1.

O Thou, who glad'ſt the penſive ſoul,
More than Aurora's ſmile the ſwain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where deſolation frowns, and tempeſts howl;
And ſhrieks of Woe, as intermits the ſtorm,
Far o'er the monſtrous wilderneſs reſound,
And croſs the gloom darts many a ſhapeleſs form,
And many a fire-eyed viſage glares around.
O come, and be once more my gueſt.
Come, for thou oft thy ſuppliant's vow haſt heard,
And oft with ſmiles indulgent chear'd
And ſooth'd him into reſt.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flaſhing through the midnight of their mind,
The ſable bands combined,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled ſky,
Appall'd retire. Suſpicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raiſe;
Deſpair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erſpread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's deteſted maze.
Lo, ſtartled at the heavenly ray,
With ſpeed unwonted Indolence upſprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And ſullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thouſand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Diſſolve.—Above the ſparkling flood
When Phebus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low

The

The troops of fen-born miſts retire.
Along the plain
The joyous ſwain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illumined ſpire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the looſe lay's jovial meaſure;
And light along the fairy Pleaſure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on ſilken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon ſhrink, or hoary hall,
Or weſtward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the deſart realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When firſt on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landſcape, ſtretch'd immenſe around
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
Fond he ſurveys thy mild maternal face,
His baſhful eye ſtill kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm ſupports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path purſues:
The path that leads, where, hung ſublime,
And ſeen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Purſue thy pleaſurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And ſoft-eyed cherub forms around thee play:
Simplicity, in careleſs flowers array'd,
Prattling amuſive in his accent meek;
And Modeſty, half turning as afraid,
The ſmile juſt dimpling on his glowing cheek,
Content and Leiſure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and ſing;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Friſks o'er the flowery land.

II,

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To-day though gales propitious blow,
And Peace ſoft gliding down the ſky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay ſcene deforms;
Then all around
The thunder's ſound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down ruſh all the ſtorms.
Ye days, that balmy influence ſhed,
When ſweet Childhood, ever ſprightly,
In paths of pleaſure ſported lightly,
Whither, ah whether are ye fled!
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midſt tumult and diſmay;
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

They ſhrink, they vaniſh into air.
Now Slander taints with peſtilence the gale;
And mingling cries aſſail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of dim Deſpair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his ſerpent eye
Darts quick deſtruction in each baleful glance;
Pride ſmiling ſtern, and yellow Jealouſy,
Frowning Diſdain, and haggard Hate advance;
Behold, amidſt the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant-ſtature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To graſp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
Safe from the fierce aſſaults of hoſtile rage?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the ſacred ſhield of Truth?
Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The ſpoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;

While the fair captive, mark'd with many a ſcar,
In lone obſcurity, oppreſs'd, forlorn,
Reſigns, to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
No friend, no ſhelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the ſtorm.

III. 3.

But whence the ſudden beam that ſhoots along?
Why ſhrink aghaſt the hoſtile throng?
Lo, from amidſt Affliction's night,
Hope burſts all radiant on the ſight:
Her words the troubled boſom ſooth.
" Why thus diſmay'd?
" Though foes invade,
" Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
" Who tread the path of truth.
" 'Tis I, who ſmooth the rugged way,
" I, who cloſe the eyes of Sorrow,
" And with glad viſions of to-morrow
" Repair the weary ſoul's decay.
" When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
" Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
" Till the freed ſpirit ſprings on high
" In rapture too ſevere for weak Mortality."

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA,

THE BATTLE OF THE

PYGMIES AND CRANES.

From the Latin of ADDISON.

THE pygmy-people, and the feather'd train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I ſing. Ye Muſes, favour my deſigns,
Lead on my ſquadrons, and arrange the lines;
The flaſhing ſwords and fluttering wings diſplay,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray;
Cranes darting with diſdain on tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.
The wars and woes of heroes ſix feet long
Have oft reſounded in Pierian ſong.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theſeus ſtern of face,
And Peleus' ſon unrival'd in the race,
Eneas founder of the Roman line,
And William glorious on the banks of Boyne?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's Epic page to doze?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unuſual ſtrains,
Of hoſts unſung, and unfrequented plains;
The ſmall ſhrill trump, and chiefs of little ſize,
And armies ruſhing down the darken'd ſkies.
Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn:
Boſomed in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border riſe.

Here,

Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
The empire flouriſh'd of the pygmy-breed;
Here Induſtry perform'd, and Genius plan'd,
And buſy multitudes o'erſpread the land.
But now to theſe lone bounds if pilgrim ſtray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the deſperate way,
He finds the puny manſion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth;
And ſtarts, where ſmall white bones are ſpread around,
" Or little footſteps lightly print the ground;"
While the proud crane her neſt ſecurly builds,
Chattering amid the deſolated fields.
But differnt fates befel her hoſtile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
The dreaded Pygmy: rouſed by war's alarms
Forth ruſh'd the madding Mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies;
And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load!)
With bloody bill looſe-dangling marks the road.
And oft the wily dwarf in ambuſh lay,
And often made the callow young his prey;
With ſlaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and ſmiled
To viſit the ſire's treſpaſs on the child.
Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her neſt,
And laid her eggs and houſehold gods to reſt,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burſt their way:
All went to wreck; the infant foeman fell,
When ſcarce his cherping bill had broke the ſhell.
Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms aroſe,
And the fell rancour of encountering foes;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havock whelms,
And Death's grim viſage ſcares the pygmy-realms.
Not half ſo furious blazed the warlike fire
Of Mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre;
When bold to battle march'd th' accouter'd frogs,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs
Pierced by the javelin-bulruſh on the ſhore
Here agonizing roll'd the mouſe in gore;

And there the frog (a ſcene full ſad to ſee!)
Shorn of one leg ſlow ſprawl'd along on three:
He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
But mourns in hoarſeſt croaks his deſtiny.
And now the day of woe drew on apace,
A day of woe to all the pigmy-race,
When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
To rue each broken egg, and chicken ſlain.
For rouſed to vengeance by repeated wrong
From diſtant climes the long-bill'd legions throng:
From Strymon's lake, Cayſter's plaſhy meads,
And fens of Scythia green with ruſtling reeds;
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian ſtrand,
To rendeſvous they waſt on eager wing,
And wait aſſembled the returning ſpring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
Whet their keen beaks, and twiſting claws, for fight;
Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every boſom for the battle burns.
When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The ſcreaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
Far in the ſky they form their long array,
And land and ocean ſtretch'd immenſe ſurvey
Deep deep beneath; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerous ride;
'Tis wild obſtreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempeſtuous undulation driven.
Nor leſs th' alarm that ſhook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe;
Where mannikins with haughty ſtep advance,
And graſp the ſhield, and couch the quivering lance;
To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the ſtorm.
High in the midſt the chieftain-dwarf was ſeen,
Of giant ſtature, and imperial mien:
Full twenty inches tall he ſtrode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng;
And, while with many a ſcar his viſage frown'd,
Bared his broad boſom rough with many a wound

Of beaks and claws, diſcloſing to their ſight
The glorious meed of high heroick might.
For with inſatiate vengence, he purſued,
And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon s crooked ſtrength,
Who durſt abide his rage; the blade deſcends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends.
Laid low in duſt the pinion waves no more,
The trunk diſfigured ſtiffens in its gore.
What hoſts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his courſe!
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing echo waft the funeral ſong!
And now from far the mingling clamours riſe,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the ſkies.
From ſkirt to ſkirt of heaven, with ſtormy ſway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
Near and more near deſcends the dreadful ſhade,
And now in battailous array diſplay'd,
On ſounding wings, and ſcreaming in their ire,
The cranes ruſh onward, and the fight require.
The pigmy warriors eye with fearleſs glare
The hoſts thick ſwarming o'er the burthen'd air;
Thick ſwarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a ſcanty ſtraggling band.——
When ſudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven.
The kindling phrenſy every boſom warms,
The region echoes to the craſh of arms:
Looſe feathers from the encountering armies fly,
And in carcering whirlwinds mount the ſky.
To breathe from toil upſprings the panting crane,
Then with freſh vigour downward darts again.
Succeſs in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the ſharp ſpear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird tranſfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatning talon curls;
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;

Deep

Deep from his breaſt the ſhort ſhort ſob he draws,
And dying curſes the keen-pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and ſtreaming gore,
And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample ſize,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.
Encompaſs'd round with heaps of ſlaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows,
And on th' aſſailing hoſt impetuous ſprings,
Careleſs of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And midſt the tumult whereſoe'er heturns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;
From every ſide th' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
When ſuddenly (for ſuch the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, ſouſing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, ſoaring high,
(Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the ſky.
The cranes purſue, and, cluſtering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah! what pangs each pygmy boſom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they ſaw their helpleſs lord,
His wriggling form ſtill leſſening as he ſoar'd.
Lo yet again with unabated rage
In mortal ſtrife the mingling hoſts engage.
The crane with darted bill aſſualts the foe,
Hovering; then wheels aloft to ſcape the blow:
The dwarf in anguiſh aims the vengeful wound;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.
Such was the ſcene, when midſt the loud alarms
Sublime th' eternal Thunderer roſe in arms,
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven;
Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the ſky;
Till one ſtupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vaſt limbs weltering wide in brimſtone blue.
But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.

They raiſe a weak and melancholy wail,
All in diſtraction ſcattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their routed rear the cranes deſcend;
Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend:
With unrelenting ire they urge the chace,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.

'Twas thus the Pygmy Name, once great in war,
For ſpoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
Periſh'd. For, by the dread decree of heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where Fate has fix'd the everlaſting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Aſſyrian power,
And Perſia's proud dominion is no more;
Yea, thongh to both ſuperior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time
The pygmy heroes roam th' Elyſian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated ſhepherd's view,
Their friſking forms, in gentle green array'd,
Gambol ſecure along the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes moleſt,
And all their woes in long oblivion reſt,
Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay
'Tis joy and frolick all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy-people is the name they love.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

To The Honourable C. B.

Peterhead, 1766.

WHEN B*** invites me, and inviting ſings,
Inſtant I'd fly, (had heaven vouchſafed me wings)
To hail him in that calm ſequeſter'd ſeat,
Whence he looks down with pity on the great;
And, midſt the groves retired, at leiſure wooes
Domeſtick love, contentment, and the Muſe.
I wiſh for wings and winds to ſpeed my courſe;
Since B——t and the fates refuſe a horſe.
Where now the Pegaſus of antient time,
And Ipporgrifo famed in modern rhime?
O where that wooden ſteed, whoſe every leg
Like lightning flew, obſequious to the peg;
The waxen wings by Dedalus deſign'd,
And China waggons wafted by the wind!
A Spaniard reach'd the Moon, upborn by geeſe;
(Then firſt 'twas known that ſhe is made of cheeſe.)
A fiddler on a fiſh through waves advanced,
He twang'd his catgut, and the Dolphin danced.
Hags rode on broom ſticks, heathen-gods on clouds;
Ladies on rams and bulls have dared the floods.
Much famed the ſhoes Jack Giantkiller wore,
And Fortunatus' hat is famed much more.
Such vehicles were common once, no doubt;
But modern verſemen muſt e'en trudge on foot,
Or doze at home, expectants of the gout.
Hard is the taſk, indeed 'tis wonderous hard
To act the Hirer*, yet preſerve the Bard.

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* One who keeps horſes to let is ſo called in Scotland. See Johnſon's Dictionary.

" Next week by———(but 'tis a ſin to ſwear)
" I give my word, Sir, you ſhall have my mare;
" Sound wind and limb, as any ever was,
" And riſing only ſeven years old next graſs.
" Four miles an hour ſhe goes, nor needs a ſpur;
" A pretty piece of fleſh, upon my conſcience, Sir."
This ſpeech was B——t's; and, though mean in phraſe,
The neareſt thing to proſe, as Horace ſays,
(Satire the fourth, and forty ſecond line)
'Twill intimate that I propoſe to dine
Next week with B***. Muſe, lend thine aid a while;
For this great purpoſe claims a lofty ſtile.
Ere yonder ſun, now glorious in the weſt,
Has thrice three times reclined on Thetis' breaſt;
Ere thrice three times, from old Tithonus' bed,
Her charms all glowing with celeſtial red,
The balmy Morn ſhall riſe to mortal view,
And from her bright locks ſhake the pearls of dew,
Theſe eyes O B***, ſhall hail thy opening glades,
Theſe ears ſhall catch the muſic of thy ſhades;
This cherriſh'd frame ſhall drink the gladſome gales,
And the freſh fragrance of thy flowery vales.
And (for I know the Muſe will come along)
To B*** I mean to meditate a ſong:
A ſong, adorn'd with every rural charm,
Trim as thy garden, ample as thy farm,
Sweet as thy milk, as briſk as bottled beer,
Wholeſome as mutton, and as water clear,
In wildflowers fertile, as thy fields of corn,
And frolickſome as lambs, or ſheep new ſhorn.
I aſk not Ortolons, or Chian wine,
The fat of rams, or quinteſſence of ſwine.
Her ſpicy ſtores let either India keep,
Nor El Dorado vend her golden ſheep.
And to the manſion houſe, or council hall,
Still on her black ſplay feet may the huge tortiſe crawl.
Not Parſon's butt my appetite can move,
Nor, Bell, thy beer; nor even thy nectar, Jove.
If B*** be happy, and in health, his gueſt,
Whom wit and learning charm, can wiſh no better feaſt.

THE

THE HARES,

A FABLE.

YES, yes, I grant the ſons of earth
Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
We all of ſorrow have our ſhare;
But ſay, is yours without compare?
Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Preſs'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at leaſt. Look further ſtill,
And own your lamentable caſe
Is little ſhort of happineſs.
In yonder hut that ſtands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickneſs lies,
Mark his pale cheek and languid eyes,
His frame by ſtrong convulſion torn,
His ſtruggling ſighs and looks forlorn.
Or ſee, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miſer hangs;
Whiſtles the wind? he ſtarts he ſtares;
Nor ſlumber's balmy bleſſing ſhares,
Deſpair, Remorſe, and Terror roll
Their tempeſts on his haraſs'd ſoul.
But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reaſoning with a tale.
Mild was the morn, the ſky ſerene,
The jolly hunting band convene,
The beagle's breaſt with ardour burns,
The bounding ſteed the champaign ſpurns,
And Fancy oft the game deſcries
Through the hound's noſe and huntſman's eyes.
Juſt then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.

The chiefs were ſet; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering ſpread.
Long liſts of grievances were heard,
And general diſcontent appear'd.
" Our harmleſs race ſhall every ſavage
" Both quadruped and biped ravage?
" Shall horſes, hounds, and hunters ſtill
" Unite their wits to work us ill?
" The youth, his parent's ſole delight,
" Whoſe tooth the dewy lawns invite,
" Whoſe pulſe in every vein beats ſtrong,
" Whoſe limbs beat light the vales along,
" May yet ere noontide meet his death,
" And lie diſmember'd on the heath.
" For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
" Nor ſtrength, nor ſpeed, eludes their rage.
" In every field we meet the foe,
" Each gale comes fraught with ſounds of woe;
" The morning but awakes our fears,
" The evening ſees us bath'd in tears.
" But muſt we ever idly grieve,
" Nor ſtrive our fortunes to relieve?
" Small is each individual's force,
" To ſtratagem be our recourſe;
" And then, from all our tribes combined,
" The murderer to his coſt may find
" No foe is weak, whom Juſtice arms,
" Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
" Be rouſed; or liberty acquire,
" Or in the great attempt expire."—
He ſaid no more, for in his breaſt
Conflicting thoughts the voice ſuppreſs'd:
The fire of vengeance ſeem'd to ſtream
From his ſwoln eyeball's yellow gleam.
And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confuſedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Diſtinct of hounds and men ariſe.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' aſſembled hares tumultuous ſtart,

And,

And, every ſtraining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately ſpring.
The hunting band, a ſignal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and ſhrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound;
Now plunge amid the foreſt ſhades,
Glance through the openings of the glades;
Now o'er the level valley ſweep,
Now with ſhort ſteps ſtrain up the ſteep,
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landſcape like a torrent flies.
At laſt an antient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's ax yet unprofaned.
High o'er the reſt, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majeſtick boughs appear'd;
Beneath, a copſe of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling ſprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, ſelf-taught to wind,
The hazle's ſtubborn ſtem intwined,
And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here ſheltering, from the ſons of murther,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.
But lo, the weſtern wind erelong
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
From ruſtling leaves, and craſhing boughs,
The ſound of woe and war aroſe.
The hares diſtracted ſcour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, whereſoe'er they fled,
Still ſeem'd impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the ſilence, till, at length,
Even from deſpair deriving ſtrength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth aroſe, and ſpoke.

" O wretched race, the ſcorn of Fate,
" Whom ills of every ſort await!
" O, curs'd with keeneſt ſenſe to feel
" The ſharpeſt ſting of every ill!
" Say ye, who, fraught with mighty ſcheme,
" Of liberty and vengeance dream,
" What now remains? To what receſs
" Shall we our weary ſteps addreſs,
" Since fate is evermore purſuing
" All ways and means to work our ruin?
" Are we alone, of all beneath,
" Condemn'd to miſery worſe than death!
" Muſt we, with fruitleſs labour ſtrive
" In miſery worſe than death to live!
" No. Be the ſmaller ill our choice:
" So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
" Death's pangs will in a moment ceaſe;
" And then, All hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he ſpoke, his words impart
The dire reſolve to every heart.
A diſtant lake in proſpect lay,
That, glittering in the ſolar ray,
Gleam'd through the duſky trees and ſhot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one conſent they bend.
Their ſorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hiſſing in his ears.
Faſt by the margin of the lake,
Conceal d within a thorny brake,
A Linnet ſate, whoſe careleſs lay
Amuſed the ſolitary day.
Careleſs he ſung, for on his breaſt
Sorrow no laſting trace impreſs'd;
When ſuddenly he heard a ſound
Of ſwift feet traverſing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling caſts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleaſed he renews the ſprightly ſtrain.

The hares, whoſe noiſe had cauſed his fright,
Saw with ſurpriſe the linnet's flight.
Is there on earth a wretch, they ſaid,
Whom our approach can ſtrike with dread?
An inſtantaneous change of thought
To tumult every boſom wrought.
So fares the ſyſtem-building ſage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At laſt on ſome foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly ſcheme,
And proved his predeceſſors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injured Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raiſe;
Which, burſting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud ſummit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unſound.
" Children," thus ſpoke a hare ſedate,
Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,
" In ſlight events the attentive mind
" May hints of good inſtruction find.
" That our condition is the worſt,
" And we with ſuch misfortunes curs'd
" As all compariſon defy,
" Was late the univerſal cry.
" When lo, an accident ſo ſlight
" As yonder little linnet's flight
" Has made your ſtubborn heart confeſs
" (So your amazement bids me gueſs)
" That all our load of woes and fears
" Is but a part of what he bears.
" Where can he reſt ſecure from harms,
" Whom even a helpleſs hare alarms?
" Yet he repines not at his lot,
" When paſt, his dangers are forgot:
" On yonder bough he trims his wings,
" And with unuſual rapture ſings;
" While we, leſs wretched ſink beneath
" Our lighter ills, and ruſh to death.—

" No

" No more of this unmeaning rage,
" But hear, my friends, the words of age.
" When by the winds of autumn driven
" The ſcatter'd clouds fly croſs the heaven,
" Oft have we, from ſome mountain's head,
" Beheld th' alternate light and ſhade
" Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
" The ſhadowy cloud; there downward pours,
" Streaming direct, a flood of day,
" Which from the view flies ſwift away;
" It flies, while other ſhades advance,
" And other ſtreaks of ſunſhine glance.
" Thus chequer'd is the life below
" With gleams of joy, and clouds of woe.
" Then hope not, while we journey on,
" Still to be baſking in the ſun;
" Nor fear, though now in ſhades ye mourn,
" That ſunſhine will no more return.
" If, by your terrors overcome,
" Ye fly before th' appoaching gloom,
" The rapid clouds your flight purſue,
" And darkneſs ſtill oe'rcaſts your view.
" Who longs to reach the radiant plain
" Muſt onward urge his courſe amain;
" For doubly ſwift the ſhadow flies,
" When 'gainſt the gale the pilgrim plies.
" At leaſt be firm, and undiſmay'd
" Maintain your ground; the fleeting ſhade
" Erelong ſpontaneous glides away,
" And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
" Lo, while I ſpeak our danger paſt!
" No more the ſhrill horn's angry blaſt
" Howls in our ear; the ſavage roar
" Of war and murder is no more.
" Then ſnatch the hour that fate allows,
" Nor think of paſt or future woes."
He ſpoke; and hope revives; the lake
That inſtant one and all forſake,
In ſweet amuſement to employ
The preſent ſprightly hour of joy.

Now

Now from the weſtern mountain's brow,
Compaſs'd with clouds of various glow,
The ſun a broader orb diſplays,
And ſhoots aſlope his ruddy rays.
The lawn aſſumes a freſher green,
And dew-drops ſpangle all the ſcene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The ſhepherd ſings his tender ſong,
With all their lays the groves reſound,
And falling waters murmur round;
Diſcord and Care were put to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

EPITAPH:

Being part of an Inſcription for a Monument to be erected by a Gentleman to the memory of his Lady.

FAREWELL, my beſt-beloved; whoſe-heavenly mind,
Genius with virtue, ſtrength with ſoftneſs join'd;
Devotion, undebaſed by pride or art,
With meek ſimplicity, and joy of heart;
Though ſprightly, gentle; though polite, ſincere;
And only of thyſelf a judge ſevere;
Unblamed, unequal'd, in each ſphere of life,
The tendereſt Daughter, Siſter, Parent, Wife.
In thee their Patroneſs th' afflicted loſt;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boaſt;
And I——but ah, can words my loſs declare,
Or paint th' extremes of tranſport and deſpair!
O Thou, beyond what verſe or ſpeech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my beſt-beloved, farewell!

ODE

ON

LORD HAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

13th May 1767.

A Muſe, unſkill'd in venal praiſe,
Unſtain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves ſimplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inſpire,
Reſumes the long-unpractiſed lyre,
To hail, O HAY, thy Natal Morn:
No gaudy wreathe of flowers ſhe weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine anceſtors reclined,
Where Sloth diſſolves, and Spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart to ride the car,
To ſtem the deluges of war,
And ſnatch from fate a ſinking land;
Trample th' Invader's lofty creſt,
And from his graſp the dagger wreſt,
And defolating brand:

'Twas this, that raiſed th' illuſtrious Line
To match the firſt in fame;
A thouſand years have ſeen it ſhine
With unabated flame;
Have ſeen thy mighty Sires appear
Foremoſt in Glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the Brave.
Yet, pure from luſt of blood their fire,
And from Ambition's wild deſire,
They triumph'd but to ſave.

The

The Muſe with joy attends their way
The vales of peace along ;
There to its Lord the village gay
Renews the grateful ſong.
Yon caſtle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the ſuppliant's wail reſound :
The open doors the needy bleſs,
Th' unfriended hail their calm receſs,
And gladneſs ſmiles around.

There to the ſympathetick heart
Life's beſt delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's ſmart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye ſons of Luxury, be wiſe ;
Know, happineſs for ever flies
The cold and ſolitary breaſt ;
Then let the ſocial inſtinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be bleſs'd.

O yet, ere Pleaſure plant her ſnare
For unſuſpecting youth ;
Ere Flattery her ſong prepare
To check the voice of Truth ;
O may his country's Guardian power
Attend the ſlumbering Infant's bower,
And bright, inſpiring dreams impart ;
To rouſe th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each ſublime deſire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a Parent's fears,
A Parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown ;
When in his finiſh'd form and face
Admiring multitudes ſhall trace

Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majeſtick mien,
The liberal ſmile, the look ſerene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind deſpiſe
The village and the grove.
No ſlander there ſhall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No river weave the ſecret ſnare:
For Innocence with angel ſmile,
Simplicity that knows not guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak aſſail,
And lay its glories waſte,
Content may ſlumber in the vale,
Unconſcious of the blaſt.
Through ſcenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more;
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the ſtorm, and rides the wave,
To reſt at laſt on ſhore.

Ye proud, ye ſelfiſh, ye ſevere,
How vain your maſk of ſtate!
The good alone have joy ſincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of ſorrow ceaſe,
And hear the voice of artleſs praiſe;
As when along the trophy'd plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While ſhouting nations gaze.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
A Hermit his song of the night thus began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage while he felt as a Man.

"Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
"Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
"For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
"Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
"Mourn, sweeetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:
"O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away—
"Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
"The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
"But lately I mark'd, when majestick on high
"She shone, and the planets where lost in her blaze.
"Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
"The path, that conducts thee to splendor again.—
"But Man's faded glory no change shall renew.
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
"I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
"For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
"Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
"dew.
"Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
"Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.—

"But

" But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn?
" O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe Science betray'd,
' That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
' My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to
' ſhade,
' Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
" O pity, great father of light" then I cry'd,
" Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
" Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
" From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free."

' And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away:
' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
' So breaks on the traveler, faint, and aſtray,
' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
' See Truth Love, and Mercy and triumph deſcending,
' And Nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
' On the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are
' blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.'

THE END.

OWEN OF CARRON:

A

POEM.

By Dr. LANGHORNE.

Inſcribed to a LADY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is ſomething Romantic in the Story of the following POEM; but the Author has his Reaſons for believing that there is ſomething, likewiſe, authentic. On the ſimple Circumſtances of the ancient Narrative, from which He firſt borrowed his Idea, thoſe Reaſons are principally founded, and they are ſupported by others, with which, in a Work of this Kind, to trouble his Readers would be ſuperfluous.

Founded on the Ballad
of
Gil-Morrice

OWEN OF CARRON.

ON CARRON's ſide the primroſe pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE,
Why ſtreams your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's blood
That purple grows the primroſe pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in MARLIVALE.

The evening ſtar ſate in his eye,
The ſun his golden treſſes gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who reſts in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, hiſtoric ſtone,
Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
He ſleeps beneath the waving ſhade.

There many a flowery race hath ſprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since firſt his ſimple dirge ye ſung;
Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE!

Yet ſtill, when MAY with fragrant feet
Hath wanderd o'er your meads of gold,
That Dirge I hear ſo ſimply ſweet
Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM's * day,
When Scotland's honours flouriſhed ſtill,
That Moray's Earl, with mighty ſway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful ſtore
The faireſt plains of Carron ſpread;
In Fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his Bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her ſhining Breaſt that glows,
To Ellen's † charms, were earth and ſtone.

For her the Youth of Scotland ſigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And ſmoother Italy applied,
And many an Engliſh Baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts aſſail'd,
No foreign loves her breaſt beguile,
And England's honeſt valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous ſmile.

" Ah! woe to thee, young Nithiſdale,
" That o'er thy cheek thoſe roſes ſtray'd,
" Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
" Thy voice, the muſic of the ſhade!

---

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithiſdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was eſteemed one of the fineſt women in Europe, inſomuch that ſhe had ſeveral ſuitors and admirers from Foreign Courts.

" Ah!

" Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
" Alone to thy ſoft tale would yield!
" For ſoon thoſe gentle arms ſhall prove
" The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward ſiſter ſpoke,
And caſt a rueful glance behind,
As from her dimwood glen ſhe broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She ſpoke and vaniſh'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when ſtorms inveſt,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
With aught that fear, or fate ſuggeſt.

For love, methinks, hath power to raiſe
The ſoul beyond a vulgar ſtate;
Th' unconquer'd banners he diſplays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on Summer's ſofteſt eve,
Of clouds that wander'd weſt away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the wave ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the ſun, ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on Lemmermore*.

Led by thoſe waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breaſt,
Her wonted bower ſweet Ellen ſought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and ſooth'd her into reſt.

---

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from Eaſt to Weſt.

IV.

There is ſome kind and courtly ſprite
That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws ſunſhine on the maſk of night,
And ſmiles at ſlumber's powerleſs chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this ſoft hour the ſprite was there,
And ſpread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with ſweeter ſounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightnings rapid flame
Darts on the unſuſpecting ſight).

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In ſcenes where fair Armida's Wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in ſimple ſhew;
Nor Indian Mines nor orient ſhores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their ſhining ſtores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild roſe wound her damaſk flower;
The woodbine lent her ſpicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The aſh, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's bloſſom bluſhing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery ſhade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breaſt,
The cowſlip's ſweet, reclining head,
The violet of ſky-woven veſt,
Was all the Fairy-ground beſpread.

But, who is he, whoſe locks ſo fair
  Adown his manly ſhoulders flow;
Beſide him lies the hunter's ſpear,
  Beſide him ſleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle ſprite.
  Thy ſweet ſeductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
  And inſtant vaniſhes in air.

V

Haſt thou not found at early dawn
  Some ſoft ideas melt away,
If o'er ſweet vale, or flowery lawn,
  The ſprite of dreams hath bid thee ſtray?

Haſt thou not ſome fair object ſeen,
  And, when the fleeting form was paſt,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
  And felt the fond idea laſt?

Thou haſt—and oft the pictur'd view,
  Seen in ſome viſion counted vain,
Has ſtruck thy wondering eye anew,
  And brought the long loſt dream again.

With warrior's-bow, with hunter's ſpear,
  With locks adown his ſhoulder ſpread,
Young Nithiſdale is ranging near—
  He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon paſs'd away,
  And fill'd her ſilver urn again,
When in the devious chace to ſtray,
  Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate conſign'd,
  And, all to ſhun the fervid hour,
He ſought ſome friendly ſhade to find,
  And found the viſionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden ſtar of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending Grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whoſe ringlets fair
Diſorder'd o'er his green veſt flow,
Reclin'd in reſt——whoſe ſunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that ſprite's illuſive gueſt,
(Ah me! that ſprites can fate controul!)
That lives ſtill imag'd on her breaſt,
That lives ſtill pictur'd in her ſoul.

As when ſome gentle ſpirit fled
From earth to breathe Elyſian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft, ſudden pleaſure ruſhes o'er,
Reſiſtleſs, o'er its airy frame,
To find it's future fate reſtore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen ſtood——leſs power to move
Had he, who bound in ſlumber's chain,
Seem'd haply, o'er his hill to rove,
And wind his woodland chace again.

She ſtood, but trembled——mingled fear,
And fond delight and melting love
Seiz'd all her ſoul; ſhe came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She ſtrives to fly—from wizzard's wand
As well might powerleſs captive fly—
The new cropt flower falls from her hand——
Ah! fall not with that flower to die

VII.

Haſt thou not ſeen ſome azure gleam
  Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And ſkirt the reddening cloud's ſoft beam
  What time the ſun was haſting nigh?

Thou haſt——and thou canſt fancy well
  As any muſe that meets thine ear,
The ſoul-ſet eye of Nithiſdale,
  When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd——that ſilence broke;
  'Hail Goddeſs of theſe groves, he cry'd
'O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
  'O let me in thy ſervice bide!

'For thee I'll climb the mountain ſteep,
  'Unwearied chaſe the deſtin'd prey,
For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
  'And part the ſprays that vex thy way,'

For thee——'O ſtranger, ceaſe,' ſhe ſaid,
  And ſwift away, like Daphne, flew,
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
  By aught that to her boſom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
  The fond Idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's ſteps, and bleſs'd his ſuit,
  Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love! within thoſe golden vales,
  Thoſe genial airs where thou waſt born,
Where nature, liſtening thy ſoft tales,
  Leans on the roſy breaſt of morn.

Where

Where the ſweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender ſighs the heart emove,
In ſilent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O ſoul-ſubduing love!

Ah! wherefore ſhould grim rage be nigh,
And dark diſtruſt, with changeful face,
And Jealouſy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree
And Lord of many a Lowland Hind,
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's Halls her abſent hour
He watch'd with all a Miſer's care;
The wide Domain, the princely Dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal ſoul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy ſway controul,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her abſent hour,
And winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he ſees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'tis Nithiſdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his? —'tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis She (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance ſwift purſue?
No—that would all his hopes deſtroy;
Moray would vaniſh from his view,
And rob him of a Miſer's joy.

Un-

Unſeen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his ſlaves, his ruffian band,
'And, haſte to yonder groves,' He cries,
'And ambuſh'd lie by Carron's ſtrand.'

'What time ye mark from bower or glen
'A gentle lady take her way
'To diſtance due, and far from ken,
'Allow her length of time to ſtray.

'Then ranſack ſtraight that range of groves.—
'With hunter's ſpear, and veſt of green,
'If chance, a roſy ſtripling roves,—
'Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian ſlaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though ſtay'd by many a tender ſigh,
She can no longer, longer ſtay.

Penſive, againſt yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering ſtill how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the deſert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one ſtruck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is loſt in ſleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye ſhould weep;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were ſtill,
And the wave ſlept againſt the ſhore,
And the ſun, ſunk beneath the hill,
Left his laſt ſmile on Lemmermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And ſoon ſhe'll meet her Nithiſdale.

She'll meet him ſoon—for at her ſight
Swift as the mountain deer he ſped;
The evening ſhades will ſink in night,—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! She will chide thy trifling ſtay,
E'en now the ſoft reproach ſhe frames:
'Can lovers brook ſuch long delay?
'Lovers that boaſt of ardent flames!'

He comes not—weary with the chace,
Soft ſlumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll ſteal one dear embrace,
We'll gently ſteal on his repoſe.

This is the bower—we'll ſoftly tread—
He ſleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's ſplendid train;
Their miſtreſs dear at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens ſeek in vain.

Her pillow ſwells not deep with down;
For her no balms their ſweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Preſs'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath ſhed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the ſoft ſtar of orient Day,
When clouds involve his roſy light,
Darts thro' the gloom a tranſient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And ſlow it's languid orb unfolds—
What are thoſe bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows ſhe beholds!

What was that form ſo gaſtly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas ſome poor Youth—'Ah Nithiſdale!'
She ſaid, and ſilent ſunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains ſpread,
The wood-lark trills his liquid ſtrain——
Can morn's ſweet muſic raiſe the dead?
Give the ſet eye its ſoul again?

A ſhepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profuſely yields,
Seeks in theſe lonely ſhades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghaſt he ſtands—and ſimple fear
O'er all his paly viſage glides——
'Ah me! what means this miſery here?
'What fate this lady fair betides?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retir'd;——
With haſte he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

'O hide me in thy humble Bower'
Returning late to life she said;
'I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
'With many a rosy wreath thy head.
'
Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
'And, if my love asleep is laid,
'Oh! wake him not; but softly move
'Some pillow to that gentle head.

, Sure, thou wil't know him, shepherd swain,
'Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
'But Oh! no lamb in all thy train
'Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'

'His head is on the wood-moss laid';
'I did not wake his slumber deep—
'Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
'Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure, the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV

On melancholy's ſilent urn
A ſofter ſhade of ſorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely ſhade
The ſlow conſuming hour ſhe'll weep,
Till nature ſeeks her laſt-left aid,
In the ſad, ſombrous arms of ſleep.

'Theſe jewels, all unmeet for me,
'Shalt thou,' ſhe ſaid, 'good ſhepherd take;
'Theſe gems will purchaſe gold for thee,
'And theſe be thine for Ellen's ſake.

'So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
'The roſemary's pale bough to bring—
'Thou know'ſt where I was found forlorn—
'Where thou haſt heard the redbreaſt ſing.

'Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
'Or aid thy ſhepherdeſs's care,
'For I will ſhare her humble toil,
'And I her friendly roof will ſhare.'

XV.

And now two longſome years are paſt
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at laſt,
To Moray's Halls is borne again.

Yet has ſhe left one object dear,
That wears Love's ſunny eye of joy——
Is Nithiſdale reviving here?
Or is it but a ſhepherd's boy?

By Carron's ſide, a ſhepherd's boy,
He binds his vale flowers with the reed;
He wears love's ſunny heart of joy,
And birth he little ſeems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant ſleep
Cloſes beneath a mother's ſmile,
Who, only when it clos'd would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She ſeeks th' unſpoken wiſh to find;
No more ſhall ſhe, with pleaſure's tear,
See the ſoul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breaſt?
Is ſhe the friend of ſtern controul?
Wears ſhe the deſpot's purple veſt?
Or fetters ſhe the free-born ſoul?

Where, worſt of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy childrens' breaſts to bind?
Gav'ſt thou the promethean flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege ſhe gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
Perhaps ſome feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'ſt not that thy Nithiſdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice;
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

But if no radiant star of love
O hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's flow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed——
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No Early charm returns again;
The parent, nature keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent Her quivering light,
And shewn the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest Glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song:

XXI.

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

A ſilken veſt like mine ſo green
In ſhepherd's hut I have not ſeen—
Why ſhould I in ſuch veſture joy,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy?

I know it is no ſhepherd's art
His Written meaning to impart—
They teach me, ſure, an idle toy,
If I am but a ſhepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from ſhepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a ſhepherd's boy.

And, O thou ſilent picture fair,
That lov'ſt to ſmile upon me there,
O ſay, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am Not a ſhepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
See'ſt thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his ſong?

His little heart is large with love:
He ſweetly hails his evening ſtar,
And Fate's more pointed arrows move,
Inſidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The ſhepherdeſs, whoſe kindly care
  Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Muſt now their ſilent manſions ſhare,
  Whom time leads calmly down to death.

'O tell me parent if thou art,
  'What is this lovely picture dear?
'Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
  'Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?

'Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
  'Tho' I be not thy parent dear;
'And would'ſt thou wiſh, or ere I die,
  'The ſtory of thy birth to hear?

'But it will make thee much bewail,
  'And it will make thy fair eye ſwell—'
She ſaid, and told the woeſome tale,
  As ſooth as ſhepherdeſs might tell.

XXIV.

The heart, that ſorrow doom'd to ſhare,
  Has worn the frequent ſeal of woe,
Its ſad impreſſions learns to bear,
  And finds full oft, its ruin ſlow.

But when that ſeal is firſt impreſt,
  When the young heart its pain ſhall try,
For the ſoft, yielding, trembling breaſt,
  Oft ſeems the ſtartled ſoul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
  In paleneſs cloath'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
  Mark the poor ſtatue, as it ſtands.

The ſimple guardian of his life
  Look'd wiſtful for the tear to glide;
But when ſhe ſaw his tearleſs ſtrife,
  Silent, ſhe lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

'No, I am not a ſhepherd's boy,'
Awaking from his dream, he ſaid,
'Ah where is now the promis'd joy
'Of this?——for ever, ever fled!

'O picture dear! for her lov'd ſake
'How fondly could my heart bewail!
'My friendly ſhepherdeſs, O wake,
'And tell me more of this ſad tale.

'O tell me more of this ſad tale——
'No; thou enjoy thy gentle ſleep!
'And I will go to Lothian's vale,
'And more than all her waters weep.'

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
'O! art thou there,' the full heart ſaid,
'O! art thou there, my parent dear?'

Yes, ſhe is there: From idle ſtate,
Oft has ſhe ſtole her hour to weep;
Think how ſhe 'by thy cradle ſate,'
And how ſhe 'fondly ſaw thee ſleep.*'

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And ſtill he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

---

*See the ancient Scottish Ballad, called Gill Morrice.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's ſmiling ſide
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moſs,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That lanquiſh'd for its partner's loſs,

This ſcene he choſe, this ſcene aſſign'd
A parent's firſt embrace to wait,
And many a ſoft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond Letter's fate.

The hand that bore thoſe lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unproſperous prove!
Ah! ſafely paſs yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

'She comes not;—can ſhe then delay?
'Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear——
'Whatever filial love could ſay,
'To her I ſaid, and call'd her dear.

'She comes—Oh! No—encircled round
'Tis ſome rude chief with many a ſpear.
'My hapleſs tale that Earl has found—
'Ah me! my heart! for her I fear.'

His tender tale that Earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—thoſe locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown thoſe cheeks ſo fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the ſever'd head in air,

That

That ſtreaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guiſe to Lothian's Halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
'Know'ſt thou theſe—Ellen of the vale?'
The pictur'd bracelet ſoon ſhe knew,
And ſoon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, ſtraight he led,
Ere yet her ſoul's firſt fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghaſtly head—
She ſaw . and ſunk, to riſe no more.

THE END.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke,

BY

Alexander Pope, Esq.

The DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on human life and manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to men's buſineſs, and boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *man* in the abſtract of his *nature* and his *ſtate*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and purpoſe of its *being*.

The ſcience of human nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of ethics.

This

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

Of man *in the abſtract*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, ver. 17, etc. II. *That man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown*, ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* Pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations*, ver 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, *ver.* 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the*

perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualities of the brutes; though to poſſeſs any of the ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* ver. 173. etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order, *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſe a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that reaſon alone countervalis all the other faculties,* ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire,* ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to providence both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ver. 281, *&c. to the end.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (ſince life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy hieghts explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?
Of man what ſee we, but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other plannets circle other ſuns,
What varied Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradatations juſt, has thy prevading ſoul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II.

II. Preſumptuous man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little and ſo blind!
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs!
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's ſatellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full, or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life 'tis plain,
There muſt be ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, "If God has plac'd him wrong!"
Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions, paſſions, being, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?

The

The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate.
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future, kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always to be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come,
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;

Call

Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man alone engroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal cauſe.
V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
"Annual for me, the grape the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began;
"And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then nature deviates; and can man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wiſe.

If

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Why heaves old ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want, compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own;
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.

Say

Say what the uſe, where finer optics giv'n?
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n.
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain?
Die of a roſe in aromantic pain.
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtun'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight between each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pios'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reaſon, what a nice barrier;
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide;
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon, all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.

Above

Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.——On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential, to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns ruſh lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſphere be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
And nature trembles, to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! oh madneſs! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;

Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good;
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to HIMSELF, as an individual.

I. *The buſineſs of man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* middle nature: *his power and frailties*, ver. 1, to 19. *The limits of his* capacity, ver. 19. etc. II. *The two principles of man*, ſelf-love *and* reaſon, *both neceſſary*, ver. 53, etc. Self-love, *the ſtronger, and why*, ver. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, ver. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, ver. 93, to 130. *The* predominant paſſion, *and its force*, ver. 132 to 160. *Its neceſſity in directing men to different purpoſes*, ver. 165, etc. *Its providential uſe, in fixing our principle, and aſcertaining our virtue*, ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident. *What is the office of reaſon*, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it*, ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* ends *of* providence, *and* general good *are anſwered in our paſſions and imperfections*, ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed in all* orders of men, ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to ſociety*, ver. 251. *And to the* individuals, ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the ſtoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reas'ning ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where ſcience guides;
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orb to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun;
Go, ſoar with Plato th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads, to imitate the ſun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule——
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an ape.

Could

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reaſon weaves, by paſſion is undone.
Trace ſcience then, with modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dreſs,
Or learning's luxury, or idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the time to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh!
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend;
Attention habit and experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and ſelf-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchool-men teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit:
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire:
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'rs:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.
III. Modes of ſelf-love the paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our our own provide;
Paſſions tho ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let ſtoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite;
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy.

Suffice

Suffice that reaſon keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear and grief, the family of pain,
Theſe, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength;
So, caſt and mangled with his very frame;
The mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PARSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feel the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it age and pow'r:
As heav'n's bleſt beams turn vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, nature's road muſt ever be perſerv'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſeveral men impels to ſeveral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal art educing good from ill.
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
and in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planters care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root,
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter, of ſo frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier nature ſhrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.

'Tis

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But *Heav'n's* great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crouds belief.
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To thoſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, whoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremly bleſt, the poet in his muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſions ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Be-

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean ſelf-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine,
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to SOCIETY.

I. *THE whole univerſe one ſyſtem of ſociety*, ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, ver. 27. *The* happineſs *of* animals *mutual*, ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or inſtinct operate alike to the good of each individual*, ver. 79. Reaſon *or* inſtinct *operate alſo to ſociety in all animals*, ver. 115. III. *How far* ſociety *carried by inſtinct*, ver. 115. *How much farther by reaſon*, ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* ſtate of nature, ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by inſtinct in the invention of* arts, ver. 166, *and in the forms of* ſociety, 176. V. *Origin of political ſocieties*, ver. 196. *Origin of monarchy*, ver. 207. *Patriarchal government*, ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true religion and government, from the ſame principle, of love*, ver. 231, etc. *Origin of ſuperſtition and tyranny, from the ſame principle, of fear*, ver. 237, etc. *The influence of ſelf-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *good, ver*, 266. *Reſtoration of true religion and government, on their firſt princple*, ver. 285. *Mixt goverment*, ver. 288. *Various forms of each, and the true end of all*, ver. 300. etc.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace,
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs'd to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn:

Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you prompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year;
Part pays, and juſtly the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys the call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves:
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end;
To man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle; that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human wit:
Sure by quick nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs,
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line;
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:

But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man,
Whate'er of life all-quickning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace,
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmis'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolv'd, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extends the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from what their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at their birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride

Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd; with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'ns attribute was Univerſal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer ſavage, man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature ſpake—
" Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field:
" The arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
" Here ſubterraneous works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies,
" The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.

" In vain thy reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
" And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as God ador'd."
V. Great nature ſpoke; obſervant man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate, another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear,
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What war could raviſh, commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus ſtates were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him their ſecond providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' ærial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but one;

Ere wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleaſure, trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign Being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
'Till ſuperſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, ſlaves of ſubjects made:
She mid'ſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Alters grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the flamen taſted living food:
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood!
With heav'ns own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So

So drives ſelf-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame ſelf-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, government and laws,
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain,
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, nature gave before;
Reſum'd her antient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due uſe to people and to kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create,
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From order, union, full conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, man, or angel, ſervant, lord, or king.
For forms of government, let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope, the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:

All

All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bleſs mankind, or mend.
  Man like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the ſun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul;
And one regards itſelf, and one the whole.
  Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade ſelf-love and ſocial be the ſame.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT OF
EPISTLE IV.

Of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to HAPPINESS,

I. *FALSE notions of happineſs, philoſophical and popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the end of all men, and attainable by all,* ver. 30. *God intends happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* order, *and the peace and welfare of* ſociety, *that* external goods *ſhall be* unequal, *happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two paſſions of* hope *and* fear, ver. 70. III. *What the happineſs of* individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good man *has here the advantage,* ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* virtue, *what are only the calamities of* nature, *or of* fortune, ver. 94, IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133. etc. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of virtue,* ver. 167. *That even thoſe can make no man happy without virtue: Influenced in* riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of human infelicity in men poſſeſſed of them all,* ver. 269. etc. VII. *That* virtue only *conſtitutes a happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver. 309, etc. *That the* perfection *of* virtue *and* happineſs, *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* ver. 326, etc.

EPISTLE IV.

O H Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name,
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal ſoil thou deſign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil;
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. *John!* dwells with thee.
Aſk of the learn'd, the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind,
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various fortunes as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe.
Remember, man, "the Univerſal Cauſe,
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare: and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe:
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing,
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gift if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe,
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:

Nor

Nor preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe.
  Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
  Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health conſiſts with temperance alone?
And peace, oh virtue? peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
  Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy bliſs to vice, to virtue woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the ſon expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the ſire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long, (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
All partial ill is univerſal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short and but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill, this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but god, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Not with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your virtue, puniſh mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes virtue ſtarves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

That

That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content,
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want health, the good want pow'r?"
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize! A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! Will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone,
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind.

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good, not great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All fly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:

Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The fame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villian's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave?
When that t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a Judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:

How much of other each is ſure to coſt ;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt ;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe ;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe :
Think, and if ſtill theſe things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or ſir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife,
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind :
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy ! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe ?
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated ; which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify from ſhame !
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame !
Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)
" Virtue alone is happineſs below."

The

The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins Heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing whole
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why nature plants in men alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find]
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt virtue with his greateſt bliſs;

At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts, but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the muſe now ſtoops or now aſcends,
To man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?

That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For wit's falſe mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By Mr. POPE.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride
  Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
  Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
  That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me whereſo'er I go,
  Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
  All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
  And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
  Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
  All nature's incenſe riſe!

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A

POEM.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

O

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty chear'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sport the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;

The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their chearful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt:
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd his man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.

Thoſe

Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace ev'ry ſcene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has giv'n my ſhare——
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bow'rs to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting by repoſe.
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return——and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine,
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try;
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His Heav'n commences ere the world be paſt!
Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy fluſh of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.
Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;

Far

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in the woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompted every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries;
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the parting ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who come to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt:

To

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in Heav'n.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.
Beſide yon ſtragling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool:
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And ev'n the ſtory ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For e'en tho' vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill:
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around,
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſs'd is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts it head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplenduors of that feſtive place;

The

The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt-of-drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Vain tranſitory ſplendours! Cou'd not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barbers tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But long the pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain,
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arms decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen, who ſurvey,
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,

'Tis

'Tis yours to juge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurprize;
While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah, where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride;
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,

Thoſe

Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city ſped—What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare,
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade.
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train,
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare;
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles ere annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in villiage plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn:
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the lovlieſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens door they aſk a little bread?
Ah no. To diſtant climes a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore.

Thoſe

Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day,
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling,
Thoſe poiſonous fields with rank luxurience crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the 'vengeful ſnake:
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts, or harmleſs love.
Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewel, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where ev'ry pleaſure roſe;
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.
O luxury! Thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!

How

How do thy potions with inſidious joy
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and ev'ry part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.
Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry! thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo:
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and Oh, where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;

Teach him that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As oceans ſweep the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

THE

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A

POEM.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps, unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies:
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;

My fortunes lead to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot in all the world my own.
  Even now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.
  When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, 'twere thankleſs to repine.
'Twere affectation all, and ſchool-taught pride,
To ſpurn the ſplendid things by heav'n ſupply'd.
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he whoſe ſympathetic mind,
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine
Creation's heir, the world the world is mine,
  As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.
  Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly aſſerts that country for his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And live-long nights of revelry and eaſe;

The

The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands, and palmy wine,
Baſk, in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt beſt country ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if ſtates with ſtates we ſcan,
Or eſtimate their bliſs on reaſon's plan,
Though patriots flatter, and though fools contend,
We ſtill ſhall find uncertainty ſuſpend,
Find that each good, by art or nature given,
To theſe or thoſe, but make the balance even:
Find that the bliſs of all is much the ſame,
And patriotic boaſting, reaſon's ſhame.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
And though rough rocks or gloomy ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, ſplendour, honour, liberty, content,
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends:
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected ſhrub, at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where Appennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal leaves that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate:
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd beyond even Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce diſplay'd on other ſhores her ſail;
And late the nation found, with fruitleſs ſkill,
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, though to fortune loſt, here ſtill abide
Some ſplendid arts, the wrecks of former pride;
From whence the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeems to find.
Here may be ſeen in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in ev'ry grove;

By

By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.
When ſtruggling virtue ſinks by long controul,
She leaves at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding laſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul, turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel; the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of may;
No Zephyr fondly ſooths the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot, the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breaſts the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle troſts the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plow-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day,

At

At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his lov'd partner boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board,
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwinds roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Theſe are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, the pleaſures are but few;
Since every want, that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run,
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart,
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,

Some

Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more culter'd walks, and charm our way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, ou timorous pinions fly;
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.
To kinder ſkies where gentler manners reign,
We turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe.
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew,
And haply, tho' my harſh touch faultering ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill,
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon tide-hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here:
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, or cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd; they give to get eſteem;
'Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.

Hence

Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart,
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride,
That ſpreads its arm againſt the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
Onward methinks, and dilligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
While ocean pent, and riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile.
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each breaſt obtain,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts:
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſleep beneath the ſtorm.

Heavens!

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow:
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain broods the weſtern ſpring,
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpes glide:
There all around the gentle breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are here combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind;
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in a native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the bleſſing pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy;
But foſter'd e'en by freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize ſo high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
See though by circling deeps together held,
Minds combat minds, rebelling and rebell'd;
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Whilſt over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bounds decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;

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Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;

Till Time may come, when ſtript of all her charms,
That land of ſcholars, and that nurſe of arms;
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame;
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings unhonour'd die.
Yet think not thus, when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Periſh the wiſh; for, inly ſatisfy'd,
Above their pomp I hold my ragged pride.
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Law grinds the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves, to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curſe with me that baneful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeful ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;

Where

Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?
Even now perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a fond look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind;
Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure,
Still to ourſelves in ev'ry place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſceret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy,
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own.

THE GRAVE, A POEM.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

The houſe appointed for all living. JOB.

THE GRAVE.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying thro' life;—the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe travellers meet.——Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal king! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death.—The grave, dread thing!
Men ſhiver, when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes:
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant ſun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The ſickly taper,
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and noiſome ſlime)
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,
Chearleſs, unſocial plant: that loves to dwell
'Midſt ſculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their myſtic rounds,
No other merriment dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot
And bury'd, 'midſt the wrecks of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.

The

The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a ſonnd ſo dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rock'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud: the gloomy iſles
Black-plaiſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults
The manſions of the dead.—Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grin horrible, and obſtinately ſullen
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks: ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coæval near with that) all ragged ſhew
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some reft half down
Their branchleſs trunks: others ſo thin a top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge in the ſame tree.
Strange things the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their chear, at wake or goſſiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night)
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moon-ſhine, chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool-boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to keep his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'er grown)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels;
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too, I've ſometimes 'ſpy'd
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
While burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of her dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?
A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety;
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love.
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe.——Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors thro' the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring: Methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd every note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs——Oh! then, the longeſt ſummer's day
Seemed too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'Twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull

Dull grave—thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of Madneſs.
Where are the jeſters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleaſant? Where the droll,
Whoſe ev'ry look and jeſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crouds,
And made even thick-lip'd muſing melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile,
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæſars, and the Græcian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the-then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſook, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim,
And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name?
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim humbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife;
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege, thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple;
Oh cruel irony! Theſe come too late,
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.

Surely

Surely there's not a dungeon-ſlave, that's bury'd
In the high-way, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.
But ſee! the well-plum'd hearſe comes nodding on
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principle conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?——'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee ev'n to death; nor there ſtops ſhort.
Strange perſecution! when the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.
Abſurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Thoſe bold inſurances of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian pride

And

And wonder of the world ; whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm ;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh ! lamentable ſight :
The labour of whole ages, tumbles down ;
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing time : her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice waſteth them :
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule thro' ſeas of blood ;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want, the reſt : now like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind the covert.
Vain-thought ! to hide them from the general ſcorn,
That haunts, and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.——Here too the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as ſhort ;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey ;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
A hideous and miſhapen length of ruins,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery :
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord :
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright.—Under ground,
Pecedency's a jeſt ; vaſſal and lord

Groſs-

Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.
When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies foil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do the homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at thy glaſs?
T' improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe,
Look how the fair one weeps! the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.
Strength too—thou ſurely, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring:
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe, than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling,
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed:
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath,
Like a hard hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play. What now avail
The ſtrong built ſinewy limbs, and well ſpread ſhoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,

And wonder of the world ; whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm ;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight :
The labour of whole ages, tumbles down ;
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing time : her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice waſteth them :
Worn on the edge of days the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
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See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,

Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan!
It was his laſt.—See how the great Goliah,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.—What meanſt thou then, O mighty boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And fly before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well invented knife?
With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying ſage, cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs,
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtaſy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou drop'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where no device, nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.
Great man of language,—whence this mighty change
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, npon thy breaſt
Unceaſing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well turn'd period, and the well tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?

Ah!

Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame; or more provoking
Prechance ſome hackney hunger-bitten ſcribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red reſentment the wan cheek.
Here the great maſters of the healing-art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons
Reſign to fate.—Proud Æſculapius' ſon!
Where are the boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap d thy rifling-hand:—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſhy-retiring virtues out
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſerrch.
But why this apparatus? why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not,—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift,)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a taſk, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bill of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay: now you've made the rich man poor indeed,
Robb'd of his goods, what has he left behind?
Oh! curſed luſt of gold; when for thy ſake,
The ſoul throws up his int'reſt in both worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment when the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhricks for help;
But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer.
Oh! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage.—Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with ſorrow.—But the foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.
Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulph in view!
That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And ev'ry life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This, wings its way to its almighty ſource,
The witneſs of its actions, now its judge;
That, drops into the dark and noiſome grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns:——Then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh

At the poor bug-bear death :—Then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being, when he pleas'd ;
And by that way, whether by hemp or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.---Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes ?——Sure he does well
That helps himſelf, as timely as he can,
When able.---But if there's an hereafter ;
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man ;
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die :
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!——name it not ; our iſland's ſhame :
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it heaven !——Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord---Dreadful attempt !
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our judge ;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath---Unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch : theſe herd together ;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
How long, how ſhort, we know not :---this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till heav'n ſhall give permiſſion :
Like centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the brave, that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away,
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,

And plunging headlong in the dark:——'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſparate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out:
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard that ſouls departed, have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give alarm. But what means
This ſtinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die?——Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking,
Upon a point ſo nice?——I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the villiage ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round;
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear: with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a ſcull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet, ne'er younker on the green laughs louder
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.
On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out

Into

Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Cou'd ſcarce have leiſure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of our ſelves
At the ſame time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours—Oh! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day in gayſome mood,
To frolic on eternitys dread brink
Unapprehenſive! when, for aught we know
The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What? but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead mens bones.
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd:
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes,
To cover our offspring.———In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.———'Tis here all meet:
The ſhiv'ring Icelander and ſun burnt Moor:
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Chriſtian,
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders:—and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new, unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm;—and quick as thought eſcapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary reſt.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love,)
Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down
Unblaſted by foul tongue.——Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and the preſbyter,
E'er while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,

Fami-

Familiar mingle here, like ſiſter-ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.
Here is the large limb'd peaſant.—Here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her ſons and daughters;
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely, unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude ſevere, and gay coquet,
The ſober widow, and the young, green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd.—Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth:—The ſhrill-tongu'd ſhrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy firſt ſtate,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well,
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head nor heart,
Offer'd to ache:—Nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within:—No fell remorſe,
For anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom:——Summer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
The generous ſoul, with a luxurious hand,

Offer'd

Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect of its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.
Oh, ſlipp'ry ſtate of things.—What ſudden turns?
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory?—To day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes;
Thus far'd it with our ſire:—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot, due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up; when ſtrait he muſt be gone;
Ne'er to return again.—And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place,
Offer'd in incenſe can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.——A mighty angel
With flaming ſword forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round.—At once he loſt
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has ſinn'd.
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: Nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experience; deſtructive meaſure;
Where the worſt thing could happen is ſucceſs.)
Alas, too well he ſped:—The good he ſcorn'd,
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return;——or if it did, its viſits
Like thoſe of angels, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black dæmon with his hell-ſcap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:

An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through every vein.
What havock haſt thou made, foul monſter! ſin
Greateſt and firſt of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions!——But for thee
Soorrows had never been—All-noxious thing,
Of vileſt nature! other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Marrs the adjacent fields, for ſome leagues round
And there it ſtops.—The big-ſwoln inundation,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than theſe! Sin has laid waſte
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Diſpatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches;
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing!———Oh! where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors———Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendantly malign,
That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee are harmleſs.——Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſympton, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues are thine—See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!
Whilſt deep mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new ſpilt; yet for to morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.

But

But hold,—I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
His father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſarts death hath ſpread,
This chaos of mankind.———O great man eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not ſated yet!
Unheard of of epicure! without a fellow!
They verieſt gluttons, do not always cram:
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up;
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one whoſe days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his carvings.
(As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine and war, were not thy caterers.)
But know, that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high int'reſt too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound from brazen trump
Of ſtong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.———
Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd: but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire
And inquiſition of the forge.——We know,
Th' illuſtrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold:—ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)

Twice

Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.——This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the ſevering clouds: But the faint eye
Flung backwards in the chace, ſoon drops its hold;
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: as ſome great prince,
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between.——— A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod; nor tedious: the fatigue
Will ſoon go off.—Beſide there's no by-road
To bliſs.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er ſetting ſun?---Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be, where ſweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's even,
Faſt by the riv'lets brink, a younker play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.---Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful, bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore.---Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!---Death diſarm'd
Loſes her felneſs quite.---Ah thanks to Him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.---Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace!---How calm his exit;

Night

Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away:
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight, are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt.—Then!—Oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy!—The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag fleſh,
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain—The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate:——And faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; nor the leaſt atom
Imbezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready-furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own?—Hence ye profane,
Aſk not, how this can be?—Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were——Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place,
With a new elegance of form unknown

To its firſt ſtate.—Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the croud,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole.—Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THE

HERMIT of WARKWORTH,

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

TO HER GRACE ELIZABETH DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, IN HER OWN RIGHT BARONESS PERCY.

&c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new ſweetneſs to the ſummer gale;
The Muſe there found them all remote from view,
Obſcur'd with weeds, and ſcattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may ſo ſlight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuſe, delight, or move the poliſh'd mind?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' ſimply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the Muſe her lay deſign'd,
And bade your noble Anceſtors appear;

She ſeeks no other praiſe, if you commend
Her great protectreſs, patroneſs, and friend.

MDCCLXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, ſtands very boldly on a neck of land near the ſea-ſhore, almoſt ſurrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Hiſtorians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid ſtream, but when ſwoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Caſtle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is ſtill intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are alſo two adjoining apartments, which probably ſerved for the Sacriſty and Veſtry, or were appropriated to ſome other ſacred uſes: for the former of theſe, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Maſs was occaſionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itſelf.

Each of theſe apartments is extremely ſmall; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than ſeven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully deſigned and executed in the ſolid rock; and has all the decorations of a compleat Gothic Church or Cathedral in minature.

But what principally diſtinguiſhes the Chapel, is a ſmall Tomb or Monument, on the ſouth ſide of the altar: on the top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are uſually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately deſigned, ſome have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the leaſt reſemblance to the manner in which ſhe is repreſented in the Romiſh Churches; who is uſually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a proſtrate or recumbent poſture. Indeed the real image of the Bleſſed Virgin probably ſtood in a ſmall nich, ſtill viſible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the uſual place for the Creſt

in

in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different perſonage.

About the tomb are ſeveral other Figures; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the ſame manner as the little Chapel itſelf, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What ſlight traditions are ſcattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is univerſally agreed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once conſiderable poſſeſſions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Caſtle, ſituate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the ſame BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both ſtand in the ſame winding valley, higher up the river.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I. * whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, eſpecially of thoſe near the altar, is found rather to reſemble the ſtyle of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the ſculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Creſt which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial Creſts did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

Theſe appearances ſtill extant, ſtrongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the ſame perſon that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

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* *Tanner's Notitia Monaſt.* † *See his Remains.*

*** FIT was the word uſed by the old Minſtrels to ſignify a PART or DIVISION of their Hiſtorical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compoſitions. See Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d. Ed.

THE HERMIT of WARKWORTH,

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the ſtorm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the ſea was heard to daſh
Againſt the diſtant ſhore.

Muſing on man's weak hapleſs ſtate,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in ſore diſmay.

With hoſpitable haſte he roſe,
And wak'd his ſleeping fire;
And ſnatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend ſire.

All ſad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breaſt, and with her tears
Bedewed the moſſy ground.

O weep

O weep not, lady, weep not ſo;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell ſhall ſhelter thee,
And keep thee ſafe from harm.

It is not for myſelf I weep,
Nor for myſelf I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And while ſome ſheltering bower he ſought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! ſore I fear his wandering feet
Have ſlipt in yonder flood.

O! truſt in heaven, the Hermit ſaid,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I ſhall find thy friend,
And eaſe thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky ſtairs,
He ſcales the cliff ſo high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the ſtranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful ſteps and ſlow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick anſwering from below:

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to ſee
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath ſome neighbouring tree:

But either I have loſt the place,
Or ſhe hath gone aſtray:
And much I fear this fatal ſtream
Hath ſnatch'd her hence away.

Praiſe heaven, my ſon, the Hermit ſaid;
The lady's ſafe and well:
And ſoon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was ſeen, theſe gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he preſs'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! ſeldom had their hoſt, I ween,
Beheld ſo ſweet a pair:
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She ſlender, ſoft, and fair.

The youth was clad in foreſt green,
With bugle-horn ſo bright:
She in a ſilken robe and ſcarf
Snatch'd up in haſty flight.

Sit down, my children, ſays the Sage;
Sweet reſt your limbs require:
Then heaps freſh fewel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he ſaid, my ſimple ſtore,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And ſpreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple ſay:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now ſay, my children, (for perchance
My council may avail)
What ſtrange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

Firſt tell me, father, ſaid the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are theſe?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my ſon, the Hermit ſaid,
Why do I live to ſay,
The rightful lord of theſe domains
Is baniſh'd quite away?

Ten winters now have ſhed their ſnows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (ſo the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Againſt Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And ſtoutly fighting loſt his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One ſon he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to ſave him from his foes
It was his grandſire's care.

In Scotland ſafe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of ſtrife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham loſt his life.

And now the PERCY name, ſo long
Our northern pride and boaſt,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honors reft and loſt.

No chieftain of that noble houſe
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots diſpoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and caſtles, once ſo fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud ſtrangers now uſurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full ſtream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the ſea.

Thoſe towers, alas! now ſtand forlorn,
With noiſome weeds o'erſpread,
Where feaſted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottiſh hills
The PERCY lives unknown:
On ſtranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with theſe aged eyes
But live to ſee him here,
Then ſhould my ſoul depart in bliſs!—
He ſaid, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY ſtill ſo lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bleſs me father, ſaid the youth,
For I thy gueſt am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aſide
To wipe the tears he ſhed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd bleſſings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is ſo wonderous fair.

Now, father, liſten to my tale,
And thou ſhalt know the truth:
And let thy ſage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand *,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to ſee:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's houſe †
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap ſo rare,
To pleaſe this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, ſaid the bluſhing maid,
The truth I muſt reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

---

* *Robert Stuart*, Duke of Alanby. See the continuator of *Fordun's* Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† *Ralph Neville*, firſt Earl of Weſtmorland, who chiefly reſided at his two Caſtles of *Brancepeth*, and *Raby*, both in the biſhoprick of Durham.

It

It happened on a ſummer's day,
  Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
  Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
  That near in ambuſh lay,
Moſs-troopers from the border-ſide,
  There ſeiz'd me for their prey.

My ſhrieks had all been ſpent in vain,
  But heaven, that ſaw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
  Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting ſpear,
  And dagger in his hand,
He ſprung like lightning on my foes,
  And caus'd them ſoon to ſtand.

He fought, till more aſſiſtance came;
  The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
  To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
  Bleſt were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour ſhe deign'd to ſmile,
  And liſten to my prayer.

And when ſhe knew my name and birth,
  She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
  Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke *
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;
A while your cares foregoe:
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed;
——We'll pass the night below. †

---

* *Joan*, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the Lady, was daughter of *John* of *Gaunt*, and half-sister of king *Henry* VI.

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE HERMIT of WARKWORTH,

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY ſmil'd the bluſhing morn,
And every ſtorm was fled:
But lovelier far, with ſweeter ſmile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her ſight;
The youth conſulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What ſweet ſurprize o'erpower'd her breaſt?
Her cheek what bluſhes dyed,
When fondly he beſought her there
To yield to be his bride?

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond requeſt,
And make my bliſs compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'ſt to ſue,
Can I thy ſuit withſtand?
When thou, lov'd youth, haſt won my heart,
Can I refuſe my hand?

For thee I left a father's ſmiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to ſhare.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchleſs favour ſhow,
To ſhare with me a baniſh'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I truſt, hath joys in ſtore
To crown thy conſtant breaſt;
For, know, fond hope aſſures my heart
That we ſhall ſoon be bleſt.

Not far from hence ſtands COQUET Iſle
Surrounded by the ſea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee: *

'Tis father Bernard, ſo rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To RABY caſtle he ſhall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend hoſt is gone;
And ſoon, I truſt, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

---

* In the little iſland of *Coquet*, near Warkworth, are ſtill ſeen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

Thus

Thus they in ſweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they ſee the hoary ſage
Come from the neighbouring iſle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad conſents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then ſtrait to RABY's diſtant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Mean-time in love and dalliance ſweet
They ſpend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their hoſt,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of ſhapely Steps,
All cut with niceſt ſkill,
And piercing thro' a ſtony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden ſtands;
With fruitful trees in ſhady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, ſcoop'd within the ſolid rock,
Three ſacred Vaults he ſhows;
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching Columns roſe.

Each proper ornament was there,
That ſhould a chapel grace;
The Lattice for confeſſion fram'd,
And Holy-water Vaſe.

O'er either door a ſacred Text
  Invites to godly fear;
And in a little Scutcheon hung
  The croſs, and crown, and ſpear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
  Two eaſy ſteps aſcend;
And near a glimmering ſolemn light
  Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beſide the altar roſe a Tomb
  All in the living ſtone:
On which a young and beauteous Maid
  In goodly ſculpture ſhone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
  Lean'd hovering o'er her breaſt;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
  And near to theſe her Creſt. *

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
  Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they aſk, what hapleſs dame
  Lies ſculptured here ſo fair?

The Hermit ſigh'd, the Hermit wept,
  For ſorrow ſcarce could ſpeak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
  That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
  Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale,
  Which ye ſo fain would know.

---

* This is a Bull's Head, the creſt of the *Widdrington* family. All the Figures, &c. here deſcribed are ſtill viſible; only ſomewhat effaced with length of time.

THE

THE HERMIT's TALE.

Young lord, thy grandſire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon diſtant hills were his domains;
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his ſide;
And many a ſkirmiſh with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertam lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lilly's cheek
Was not ſo fair as ſhe.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place †;
Her ſire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damſel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him ſhe felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father ſoon conſents;
None but the beauteous maid herſelf
His wiſhes now prevents.

But ſhe with ſtudied fond delays
Defers the bliſsful hour;
And loves to try his conſtancy,
And prove her maiden power.

† *Widdrington* Caſtle, is about five miles ſouth of Warkworth.

That

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around:
Lord PERCY, call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
" How valiant MAINFRED o'er the seas
" First led his northern band. *

" Brave GALFRED next to Normandy
" With venturous Rollo came;
" And from his Norman Castles won
" Assum'd the PERCY name. †

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* See Dugdale's Baronage, pa. 269, &c.

† In lower Normandy are three places of the name of *Percy*: whence the family took the surname of *De Percy*.

" That

" They ſung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
" Lord WILLIAM ſhipp'd his powers,
" And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
" With all her lands and towers. †

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
" There bravely fought and dy'd:
" But firſt the ſilver Creſcent wan,
" Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

" They ſung how AGNES, beauteous heir,
" The queen's own brother wed
" Lord JOSCELINE, ſprung from Charlemagne,
" In princely Brabant bred. *

---

† *William De Percy*, (fifth in Deſcent from *Galfred*, or *Geffery De Percy*, ſon of *Mainfred*,) aſſiſted in the conqueſt of England, and had given him the large poſſeſſions in Yorkſhire, of *Emma De Porte*,) ſo the Norman writers name her,) whoſe father, a great Saxon lord, had been ſlain fighting along with Harold. This young Lady, *William* from a principle of honour and generoſity, married: for having had all her lands beſtowed upon him by the conqueror, "he (to uſe the "words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that "was very heire to them, in diſcharging of his conſcience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) — He died at Mountjoy near Jeruſalem in the firſt Cruſade

* *Agnes De Percy*, ſole heireſs of her houſe, married *Joſceline De Lovain*, youngeſt ſon of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, ſecond wife of king Henry I. He took the name of *Percy*, and was anceſtor of the Earls of Northumberland. His ſon lord *Richard De Percy* was one of the twenty-ſix barons, choſen to ſee the Magna Charta duly obſerved.

" How

" How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
" And how his noble line
" Still foremoſt in their country's cauſe
" With godlike ardour ſhine."

With loud acclaims the liſtening crowd
Applaud the maſter's ſong,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils paſt recall:
When, lo! a damſel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteouſly addreſs'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight the lady of thy love
Hath ſent this gift to thee.

Then forth ſhe drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The caſque was wrought of temper'd ſteel,
The creſt of burniſh'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady ſends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou haſt prov'd this maiden gift
Where ſharpeſt blows are try'd

Young Bertram took the ſhining helme
And thrice he kiſs'd the ſame:
Truſt me, I'll prove this precious caſque
With deeds of nobleſt fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To ſcour the marches, late oppreſt
And Scottiſh wrongs repay.

The knights aſſembled on the hills
A thouſand horſe and more:
Brave Widdrington, tho' ſunk in years,
The PERCY-ſtandard bore.

Tweed's limpid current ſoon they paſs,
And range the borders round:
Down the green ſlopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns reſound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And ruſhes forth to meet his foes;
So did the DOUGLAS riſe.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thouſand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A choſen troop of Scottiſh youths
Advance before the reſt;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addreſs'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll reſcue thee,
Or periſh by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad aſſent,
And ſpur'd his eager ſteed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Ruſh'd forth with whirlwind ſpeed.

As when a grove of ſapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the oppoſing ranks
Sir Bertram's ſword deſcends.

This way and that he drives the ſteel,
And keenly pierces thro' ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he ſlew.

Now cloſing faſt on every ſide
They hem ſir Bertram round ;
But dauntleſs he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his ſingle arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scotiſh axe,
And clove his lifted ſhield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain ;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift !
——His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY ſaw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
And now, my noble friends, he ſaid,
Let's ſave this gallant knight.

Then ruſhing in, with ſtretch'd out ſhield
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As ſome fierce eagle ſpreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they ſtrove to ſeize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could ſtand his furious ſtrokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely ſlain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
  There all their courage ſhow'd;
And all the field was ſtrew'd with dead,
  And all with crimſon flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
  The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour ſhown,
  They ſlowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their ſhields
  And weltering in his gore
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
  To WARK's fair caſtle bore.

Well haſt thou earn'd my daughter's love;
  Her father kindly ſed;
And ſhe herſelf ſhall dreſs thy wounds,
  And tend thee in thy bed.

A meſſage went, no daughter came;
  Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
Beſhrew me, ſaid the aged chief,
  Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up my ſon, thou ſhalt her ſee
  So ſoon as thou canſt ride;
And ſhe ſhall nurſe thee in her bower,
  And ſhe ſhall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
  He bleſs'd the ſoothing ſound;
Fond hope ſupplied the Nurſe's care,
  And heal'd his ghaſtly wound.

*** WARK caſtle, a fortreſs belonging to the Engliſh, and of great note in antient times, ſtood on the ſouthern bank of the river TWEED, a little to the eaſt of TIVIOTDALE, and not far from Kelſo. It is now entirely deſtroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE HERMIT of WARKWORTH,

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his ſick bed roſe,
His bride he would go ſee.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Becauſe his wounds were green.

All day o'er moſs and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Moſt drear and dark the caſtle ſeem'd,
That wont to ſhine ſo bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurſe aroſe
With voice ſo ſhrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls ſo loud,
And knocks ſo boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moſs
To ſee thy lady fair.

Now out alas! (ſhe loudly ſhriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For ſix long days are gone and paſt
Since ſhe ſet out to thee.

Sad terror ſeiz'd ſir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight are paſt and gone,
Since ſhe ſet out to thee;
And ſure if no ſad harm had hap'd
Long ſince thou wouldſt her ſee.

For when ſhe heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've ſlain the comelieſt knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my ſad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myſelf, and nurſe my love,
And ſooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted ſhe her milk-white ſteed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on her way.

Sad terror ſmote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Truſt me, ſaid he, I ne'er will reſt
'Till I thy lady find.

That night he ſpent in ſorrow and care;
And with ſad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go weſt;
And all our dreſs we'll change.

Some Scottiſh carle hath ſeiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread Engliſh ground
Till ſhe is reſtored agen.

The brothers ſtrait their paths divide,
O'er Scottiſh hills to range;
And hide themſelves in queint diſguiſe,
And oft their dreſs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Moſt like a palmer poor,
To halls and caſtles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minſtrel's garb he wears,
With pipes ſo ſweet and ſhrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he ſate under a thorn
All ſunk in deep deſpair,
An aged Pilgrim paſs'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minſtrels yet that ever I ſaw,
Are full of game and glee:
But thou art ſad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I ſerve an aged Lord,
Whoſe grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is ſtol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my ſon; perchance, (he ſaid)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills ſo ſteep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There ſtands a caſtle fair and ſtrong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I aſk'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady ſick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

The tidings caught ſir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And ſoon he haſted o'er the hills,
And ſoon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near thoſe lonely towers,
Which ſtood in dale ſo low,
And ſitting down beſide the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he ſaid, is not at home
To hear a Minſtrel's ſong:
And ſhould I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again ſo ſoft a ſtrain,
Such power ſweet ſounds impart,
He won the churliſh Porter's ear,
And moved his ſtubborn heart.

Minſtrel, he ſaid, thou play'ſt ſo ſweet,
Fair entrance thou ſhould'ſt win;
But, alas, I am ſworn upon the rood
To let no ſtranger in.

Yet, Minſtrel, in yon riſing cliff
Thou'lt find a ſheltering cave;
And here thou ſhalt my ſupper ſhare,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he ſits beſide the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The firſt night as he ſilent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The ſecond night the moon ſhone clear,
And gilt the ſpangled dew;
He ſaw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a tranſient view.

The third night wearied out he ſlept
'Till near the morning tide;
When ſtarting up, he ſeiz'd his ſword,
And to the caſtle hy'd.

When, lo! he ſaw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar ſtrong and tall.

And ſoon he ſaw his love deſcend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid;
Aſſiſted by a ſturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd confounded at the ſight,
He lay unſeen and ſtill;
And ſoon he ſaw them croſs the ſtream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'ſcape the lover's ken?
Or ſhun his piercing eye?

With ſilent ſteps he follows cloſe
Behind the flying pair,
And ſaw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, ſhe often ſaid;
My thanks thou well haſt won:
For me what wiles haſt thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers ran?

And ever ſhall my grateful heart
Thy ſervices repay:——
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, ſtay!

Vile traitor, yield that Lady up!—
And quick his ſword he drew.
The ſtranger turn'd in ſudden rage
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's ſtronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the ſtranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thruſt
Attends each furious word.
Ah; then fair Iſabel knew his voice,
And ruſh'd beneath his ſword.

O ſtop, ſhe cried, O ſtop thy arm!
Thou doſt thy brother ſlay!—
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept:
His tongue no more could ſay.

At length he cried, ye lovely pair,
How ſhall I tell the reſt?—
Ere I could ſtop my piercing ſword,
It fell, and ſtabb'd her breaſt.

Wert thou thyſelf that hapleſs youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they ſaid.
The Hermit wept, and ſo did they:
They ſigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The Hermit paus'd; they ſilent mourn'd;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And ſaw my Lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curſt my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I claſp'd her to my breaſt,
And clos'd the ghaſtly wound ;
In vain I preſs'd his bleeding corpſe,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! ſpoke never more ;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly ſtrove to ſooth my pain,
Regardleſs of her own.

Bertram ſhe ſaid, be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

Bertram, ſhe ſaid, I ſtill was true ;
Thou only hadſt my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliſs !
We now, alas ! muſt part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottiſh chief.

Lord Malcolm's ſon, whoſe proffered love
I had refus'd with ſcorn ;
He ſlew my guards and ſeiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn ;

And in theſe dreary hated walls
He kept me cloſe confin'd ;
And fondly ſued and warmly preſs'd
To win me to his mind.

Each riſing morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave deſign
  To ſet me captive free;
And on the moor his horſes wait
  Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haſte, my love, eſcape away,
  And for thyſelf provide;
And ſometimes fondly think on her,
  Who ſhould have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my ſoul
  Even with her lateſt breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
  And cloſ'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in ſpeechleſs woe,
  Devoid of ſenſe I lay:
Then ſudden all in frantic mood
  I meant myſelf to ſlay:

And riſing up in furious haſte
  I ſeiz'd the bloody brand*: [* i. e. Sword.]
A ſturdy arm here interpos'd,
  And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the caſtle came,
  Had miſs'd their lovely ward;
And ſeizing me to priſon bare,
  And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
  Their chief was priſoner ta'en:
Lord PERCY had us ſoon exchang'd,
  And ſtrove to ſoothe my pain.

And ſoon thoſe honoured dear remains
  To England were convey'd;
And there within their ſilent tombs,
  With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows;
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and ſo true,
The ſad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my boſom rue!

Yet not unpitied paſs'd my life,
Forſaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of ſtate,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly ſeek my little cell
To ſpend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, ſhalt now reſtore;
And raiſe again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choiceſt bleſſings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what preſent courſe to take
They aſk the good old ſire;
And guided by his ſage advice
To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their ſuit ſuch favour found
At RABY's ſtately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely Spouſe
Now gladly pardon all.

She ſuppliant at her * Nephew's throne
The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
The PERCY was reſtor'd.

The youthful Earl ſtill more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
NINE noble SONS to him ſhe bore,
All worthy of their name.

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* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

*** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the ſon of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

"HENRY PERCY, the ſon of ſir HENRY PERCY, that "was ſlayne at Shrewſbury, and of ELIZABETH, the "daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of "his Father and Grauntſyre, was exiled into Scotland † "in the time of king Henry the Fourth: but in the "time king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of JO-"HANNE the countes of Weſtmerland, (whoſe Daugh-"ter ALIANOR he HAD WEDDED IN COMING INTO "ENGLAND,) he recovered the King's grace, and the "countye of Northumberland, ſo was the SECOND ERLE "of Northumberland.

"And of this ALIANOR his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, "and III Daughters, whoſe names be JOHANNE, that "is buried at Whitbye: THOMAS, lord Egremont: "KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PERCY: "WILLIAM PERCY, a Byſhopp: RICHARD PERCY: "JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: [another JOHN, "called by *Vincent*‡ 'Johannes Percy ſenior de Wark-"worth':] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that "dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: ANNE——" [beſides the eldeſt ſon and ſucceſſor here ommitted, becauſe he comes in below, viz.]

"HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUMBER-LAND."

Vid. Harl. MSS. No 692. (26.) in the Britiſh Muſeum.

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† i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti.* Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.

‡ See his Great Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds office.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inſcribed was that Latin verſe of the Pſalmiſt*, which is in our Tranſlation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is alſo certain, that the memory of the firſt Hermit was held in ſuch regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Prieſt, to reſide in the Hermitage, and celebrate Maſs in the Chapel: Whoſe allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the firſt Hermit; but the following Inſtrument will ſhew the liberal Exhibition afforded to

* Pſal. xliii. 3.

his

his Succeſſors. It is the Patent granted to the laſt Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIths time †.

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

" HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. " Know youe that I the ſaid Erle, in conſider- " ation of the diligent and thankfull ſervice, " that my well beloved Chaplen Sir *George* " *Lancaſtre* hath don unto me the ſaid Erle, " and alſo for the goode and vertus diſpoſition " I do perceive in him: And for that he ſhall " have in his daily recommendation and praiers " the good eſtate of all ſuch noble Blode and " other Perſonages, as be now levynge; And " the Soules of ſuch noble Blode as be de- " parted to the mercy of God owte of this pre- " ſent lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and " wrettyn in a Table upon perchment ſigned " with thande of me the ſaid Erle, and deliver- " ed to the cuſtodie and keapynge of the ſaid " Sir George Lancaſter; And further, that he " ſhall kepe and faye his devyn ſervice in cele- " bratyng and doynge Maſſe of *Requiem* every

† Claſſed, F. I. No. 1. panes Duc. Northumberland.

" weke

" weke accordynge as it is written and ſet
" furth in the ſaid Table: *Have* geven and
" graunted, and by theſe preſentes do gyve
" and graunte unto the ſaid Sir George, myn
" *Armytage* belded in a Rock of ſtone within
" my Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie
" of Northumberland in the honour of the
" bleeſſed Trynete, With a yerly Stipendie of
" twenty Merks by yere *, from the feeſt of
" ſeint Michell tharchaungle laſt paſt afore
" the date herof yerly durynge the naturall
" lyve of the ſaid Sir George: AND alſo I the
" ſaid Erle have geven and graunted, and by
" theſe Preſents do gyve and graunte unto the
" ſaid Sir George Lancaſtre, the occupation
" of one little Gresground of myn called Cony-
" garth nygh adjoynynge the ſaid Harmytage,
" only to his only uſe and proufit wynter and
" ſumer durynge the ſaid terme; *The* Garden
" and Orteyarde belongyng the ſaid Army-
" tage; *The* Gate † and Paſture of Twelf
" Kye and a Bull, with their Calves ſucking;
" AND two Horſes goyng and beyng within
" my ſaid Parke of Warkworth wynter and
" ſomer; *One* Draught of Fiſhe every Sundaie
" in the yere to be drawn fornenſt ‡ the ſaid
" Armytage, called The Trynete Draught;

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* This would be equal to £.100 per annum now. See the Chronicon Pretioſum. † i. e. Going: from the verb, To Gae. ‡ Or fore-anenſt: i. e. oppoſite.

" AND

" And Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken
" of my Wodds called Shilbotell Wode, dur-
" yng the ſaid term. The Stipend of xx
" Merks by yer to be taken and perceived*
" yerly of the rent and terme of my Fiſſhyng
" of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour
" of Fermours of the ſame for the tyme be-
ynge yerly at the times ther uſed and accuſ-
tomed by evyn Portions.

Allowe in recompenſe hereof yerly x li ‡. Richerd Ryche.

In wytnes whereof to thes my Letters Patentes I the ſaid Erle have ſet the Seale
" of myn Armes: *Teven* undre my Signet at
" my Caſtle of Warkworth, the third Daye
" of December, in the XXIII. Yer of the
" Reigne of our Soveregn Lorde Kyng Henry
" the Eight."

On the Diſſolution of the Monaſteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the ſame was allowed by the Chancellor and Councel of the ſaid Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaſter: Excepting that in compenſation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a

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* Sic MS. ‡ So the MS. The above Sir Richard Rych was Chancellor of the Agumentations at the Suppreſſion of the Monaſteries.

Stipend

Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called the Rood Chapel, and the Hoſpital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the peruſal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needleſs to caution the Reader againſt a Miſtake, ſome have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itſelf, by Nicholas de Farnham, biſhop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeſton for the maintenance there of TWO Benedictine Monks from Durham *. That ſmall monaſtic foundation is indeed called a CELL by biſhop Tanner †: but he muſt be very ignorant, who ſuppoſes that by the word CELL is neceſſarily to be underſtood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any ſmall conventual eſtabliſhment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of biſhop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in ſeveral old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its ſcite, not far from Warkworth Church, is ſtill remembered. But that there was never more than *One* Prieſt main-

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* Ang. Sacr. p. 738. † Not. Mon. 396.

tained,

tained, at one and the ſame time, within the *Hermitage*, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a ſurvey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567, * viz.

" Ther is in the Parke (ſc. of Warkworth) " alſo one Howſe hewyn within one Cragge, " which is called the *Hermitage Chapel*: In " the ſame ther haith bene *One Preaſt* keap- " ed which did ſuch godlye Services as at that " tyme was uſed and celebrated. The Man- " tion Howſe [ſc. the ſmall building adjoin- " ing to the Cragge] ys now in decaye: The " Cloſes that apperteined the ſaid Chantrie " is occupied to his Lordſhip's uſe."

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* By Geo. Clarkſon, MS. penes Duc, North.

THE END.

THE END

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

AND THE

BLEEDING ROCK:

TWO LEGENDARY TALES.

By MISS HANNAH MORE.

Of them who, wrapt in Earth ſo cold,
No more the ſmiling day ſhall view,
Shou'd many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

LANTHORNE.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

IT is ſcarcely poſſible that any one ſhould entertain a more humble opinion of the following little Production, than ſhe who preſents it to you. It is a trifle which, ſhe confeſſes, has but a very ſlender claim to your protection; but ſhe conſiders that your Name will be an ornament to her Book, as your Friendſhip has been an honour to its Author.

Where merit is inconteſtable, and characters are decided by the concurring ſuffrage of mankind, praiſe becomes almoſt impertinent. It is abſurd to be induſtrious in proving truths ſo ſelf-evident, that no one ever thought of controverting them.

I may be accuſed of advancing a ſtartling propoſition, when I declare that you are an enemy to the Muſes; but if it be allowed that deſcription and invention are the very ſoul of Poetry I ſhall be juſtified by the world in general, who conſtantly behold you diſplaying talents which cannot be deſcribed, and exhi-

biting excellencies which leave nothing to be imagined.

Whatever reaſon I may find to regret my having ventured theſe little Poems into the world, I ſhall at leaſt have no common pleaſure in recollecting one circumſtance attending them, ſince they furniſh me with an occaſion of aſſuring you with what eſteem and admiration

I am, SIR,

BRISTOL, Your moſt obedient,

Dec. 14. 1775. and very humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

Sir

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

O noſtra Vita, ch'e ſi bella in viſta!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt'anni a grand pena s'acquiſta!

PETRARCA.

THERE was a young, and valiant Knight,
Sir ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding *Tay*, her ſtream ſends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir ELDRED's caſtle ſtood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower;
And many a noble feat had he
Atchieved, in hall, and bower.

He did not think, as ſome have thought,
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the ſon renown'd.

He better thought, a noble ſire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood ſhou'd fire
A brave and gallant ſon.

The faireſt anceſtry on earth
Without deſert is poor;
And every deed of lofty worth
Is but a claim for more.

Sir ELDRED's heart was good and kind,
Alive to Pity's call;
A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind;
He lov'd, and felt for all.

When *merit* raiſed the ſufferer's name,
He ſhow'r'd his bounty *then*;
And thoſe who cou'd not prove that claim,
He ſuccour'd ſtill as *men*.

But ſacred truth the Muſe compels
His errors to impart;
And yet the Muſe reluctant, tells
The fault of ELDRED's heart.

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
As free from guile and art,
And mild, and ſoft as infant love
The feelings of his heart;

Yet if the paſſions ſtorm'd his ſoul,
By jealouſy led on;
The whirlwind rage diſdain'd controul,
And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves ſo wildly break
To drown the norhern ſhore;
Not Etna's entrails fiercer ſhake;
Or Scythia's tempeſts roar.

As when in ſummer's ſweeteſt day,
To fan the fragrant morn,
The ſighing breezes ſoftly ſtray
O'er fields of ripen'd corn;

Sudden the lightning's blaſt deſcends,
Deforms the ravag'd fields;
At once the various ruin blends,
And all reſiſtles yields.

But when, to clear his ſtormy breaſt,
The ſun of reaſon ſhone,
And ebbing paſſions ſunk to reſt,
And ſhew'd what rage had done:

O then what anguiſh he betray'd!
His ſhame how deep, how true!
He view'd the waſte his rage had made,
And ſhudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in ſaffron robe,
Proclaim'd the opening day,
Up roſe the ſun to gild the globe,
And hail the new-born May;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thick'ning grove,
And feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a ſong of love;

When pious ELDRED walk'd abroad
His morning vows to pay,
And hail the univerſal Lord
Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
And journey'd far away:
He lov'd to court the ſtranger ſhade,
And thro' the lone vale ſtray.

Within the boſom of a wood,
By circling hills embrac'd,
A little, modeſt manſion ſtood,
Built by the hand of taſte.

While many a prouder caſtle fell,
This ſafely did endure;
The houſe where guardian virtues dwell
Is ſacred, and ſecure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
Around the manſion ſtood,
Which charm'd at once the raviſh'd ſenſe,
And ſcreen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook.

The ſmallneſs of the ſtream did well
The maſter's fortunes ſhew;
But little ſtreams may ſerve to tell
From what a ſource they flow.

This manſion own'd an aged Knight,
And ſuch a man was he,
As heaven juſt ſhews to human ſight
To tell what man ſhou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war;
His boſom, like a well-worn ſhield,
Was grac'd with many a ſcar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear;
And yet, alas! the warrior-ſage
Had drain'd the dregs of care:

And ſorrow more than age can break,
And wound its hapleſs prey;
'Twas ſorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter ſooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame;
Sole comfort of his failing years,
And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little ſacred ſhrine,
Where all the Virtues meet;
And holy Hope, and Faith divine,
Had claim'd it for their ſeat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
Of wild and ruſtic taſte,
And there ſhe ſcreen'd each fav'rite flower
From every ruder blaſt.

And not a ſhrub or plant was there
But did ſome moral yield;
For wiſdom, by a father's care,
Was found in every field.

The trees, whoſe foliage fell away,
And with the ſummer died,
He thought an image of decay
Might lecture human pride.

While fair, perennial greens that ſtood,
And brav'd the wintry blaſt,
As types of the fair mind he view'd
Which ſhall for ever laſt.

He taught her that the gaudieſt flowers
  Were ſeldom fragrant found,
But waſted ſoon their little powers,
  Lay uſeleſs on the ground:

While the ſweet-ſcented roſe ſhall laſt,
  And boaſt its fragrant power,
When life's imperfect day is paſt,
  And beauty's ſhorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
  Her inoffenſive day,
And here ſhe oft retir'd to read,
  And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd ſhe grac'd the woodland ſhades,
  From courts and cities far,
The pride of Caledonian maids,
  The peerleſs northern ſtar.

As ſhines that bright and blazing ſtar,
  The glory of the night,
When ſailing thro' the cloudleſs air,
  She ſheds her ſilver light:

So BIRTHA ſhone!—But when ſhe ſpoke
  The Muſe herſelf was heard,
As on the raviſh'd air ſhe broke,
  And thus her prayer preferr'd

"O bleſs thy BIRTHA, Power Supreme,
  "In whom I live and move,
"And bleſs me moſt by bleſſing him
  "Whom more than life I love."

She ſtarts to hear a ſtranger's voice,
  And with a modeſt grace
She lifts her meek eye in ſurprize,
  And ſees a ſtranger's face.

The ſtranger loſt in tranſport ſtood,
Bereft of voice and pow'r,
While ſhe with equal wonder view'd
SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin bluſh which ſpreads her cheek,
With Nature's pureſt dye,
And all thoſe dazzling beams which break,
Like morning, from her eye.

He view'd them all, and as he view'd
Drank deeply of delight;
And ſtill his raptur'd eye purſued,
And feaſted on the ſight.

With ſilent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither ſilence broke;
At length the ſmother'd paſſion blaz'd,
Enamour'd ELDRED ſpoke:

"O ſacred Virtue, heavenly power!
"Thy wonderous force I feel;
"I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
"[illegible] my love to tell.

"My ſcorn has oft the dart repell'd
"Which guileful beauty threw,
"But goodneſs heard, and grace beheld,
"Muſt every heart ſubdue."

Quick on the ground her eyes were caſt,
And now as quickly rais'd:———
Her father haply that way paſt,
On whom ſhe trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH'S eye his BIRTHA meets
With glances of delight;
And thus with courteous ſpeech he greets
The young and graceful Knight;

"O

" O gallant Youth, whoe'er thou art,
" Thou art welcome to this place;
" There's something rises at my heart
" Which says I've seen that face."

" Thou gen'rous Knight." the youth rejoin'd,
" Tho' little known to fame,
" I trust I bear a grateful mind——
" SIR ELDRED is my name.

" SIR ELDRED?"—ARDOLPH loud exclaim'd,
" Renown'd for worth and power?
" For valour and for virtue fam'd,
" SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER?

" Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
" As thou art good to me,
" Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
" SIR ELDRED's son to see!"

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
And gaz'd upon his face,
And to his aged bosom strain'd,
With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,
And doubted still the truth,
And ask'd what he had ask'd before,
Then thus addrest the Youth:

" Come now beneath my roof I pray,
" Some needful rest to take,
" And with us many a cheerful day
" Thy friendly sojourn make."

He enter'd at the gate straightway
Some needful rest to take;
And with them many a cheerful day
Did friendly sojourn make.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART II.

ONCE—'twas upon a ſummer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled;
They cheated Time with chearful talk,
When thus Sir ARDOLPH ſaid:

" Thy father was the firmeſt friend
" That e'er my being bleſt;
" And every virtue Heaven could ſend,
" Faſt bound him to my breaſt.

" Together did we learn to bear
" The caſque and ample ſhield;
" Together learn'd in many a war,
" The deathful ſpear to wield

" To make our union ſtill more dear,
" We both were doom'd to prove
" What is moſt ſweet and moſt ſevere
" In heart diſſolving love.

" The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
" Did *my* fond heart engage;
" And ne'er did Heaven the virtues write
" Upon a fairer page,

" *His* boſom felt an equal wound,
" Nor ſighed we long in vain;
" One ſummer's ſun beheld us bound
" In Hymen's holy chain,

" Thou waſt Sir ELDRED's only child,
" Thy father's darling joy;
" On me a lovely daughter ſmil'd,
" On me a blooming boy.

" But man has woes, has clouds of care,
" That dim his ſtar of life———
" My arms receiv'd the little pair,
" The earth's cold breaſt, my wife.

" Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,
" Fond fooliſh tears will flow;
" One day like mine thy heart may have,
" And mourn its lot of woe.

" But grant, kind Heaven! thou ne'er may'ſt know
" The pangs I now impart;
" Nor ever feel the deadly blow
" That rives a huſband's heart.

" Beſide the blooming banks of *Tay*,
" My angel's aſhes ſleep;
" And wherefore ſhould her ARDOLPH ſtay,
" Except to watch and weep?

" I bore my beateous babes away
" With many a guſhing tear,
" I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
" And brought my darlings here.

" I watch'd my little houſhold cares,
" And form'd their growing youth;
" And fondly train'd their infant years
" To love and cheriſh truth."

" Thy blooming BIRTHA here I ſee,"
Sir ELDRED ſtraight rejoin'd;
" But why the ſon is not with thee,
" Reſolve my doubting mind."

When BIRTHA did the queſtion hear,
She ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak;
And many a ſoft and ſilent tear
Stray'd down her damaſk cheek.

Then paſs'd o'er good Sir ARDOLPH's face,
A caſt of deadly pale;
But ſoon compos'd, with manly grace
He thus renew'd his tale;

" For him my heart too much has bled,
" For him, my darling ſon,
" Has ſorrow preſt my hoary head;
" But Heav'n's high will be done;

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd,
" To crown the circling year,
" Before my valiant boy reſolv'd
" The warror's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,
" Too dear his fame I held,
" T' oppoſe a parent's ſtern command,
" And keep him from the field.

" He left me—left his ſiſter too,
" Yet tears bedew'd his face—
" What could a feeble old man do?—
" He burſt from my embrace.

" O thirſt of glory, fatal flame!
" O laurels dearly bought!
" Yet ſweet is death when earn'd with fame—
" So virtuous EDWY thought.

" Full manfully the brave boy ſtrove,
" Tho' preſſing ranks oppoſe;
" But weak the ſtrongeſt arm muſt prove
" Againſt an hoſt of foes.

" A deadly wound my ſon receives,
" A ſpear aſſails his ſide:
" Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
" To tell that EDWY died.

" His long-lov'd mother died again
" In EDWY's parting groan;
" I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
" I wept for both in one.

" I wou'd have died—I ſought to die;
" But Heaven reſtrain'd the thought,
" And to my paſſion-clouded eye
" My helpleſs BIRTHA brought.

" When lo! array'd in robes of light,
" A nymph celeſtial came;
" She clear'd the miſts that dimm'd my ſight—
" RELIGION was her name.

" She prov'd the chaſtiſement divine,
" And bade me kiſs the rod;
" She taught this rebel heart of mine
" Submiſſion to its God.

" RELIGION taught me to ſuſtain
" What nature bade me feel;
" And piety reliev'd the pain
" Which time nan never heal."

He ceas'd—with ſorrow and delight
The tale Sir ELDRED hears,
Then weeping cries—" Thou noble Knight,
" For thanks accept my tears.

" O ARDOLPH, might I dare aſpire
" To claim ſo bright a boon!
" Good old ſir ELDRED was my ſire—
" And thou haſt loſt a ſon.

" And tho' I want a worthier plea
" To urge ſo dear a cauſe;
" Yet, let me to thy boſom be
" What once thy EDWY was.

" My trembling tongue its aid denies;
" For thou may'ſt diſapprove;
" Then read it in my ardent eyes,
" Oh! read the tale of love.

" Thy beauteous BIRTHA!"——" Gracious Power,
" How cou'd I e'er repine,"
Cries ARDOLPH, " ſince I ſee this hour?
" Yes——BIRTHA ſhall be thine."

A little tranſient gleam of red
Shot faintly o'er her face,
And every trembling feature ſpread
With ſweet diſordered grace.

The tender father kindly ſmil'd
With fulneſs of content,
And fondly eyed his darling child,
Who, baſhful, bluſh'd conſent.

O then to paint the vaſt delight
That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
To tell the tranſports of the Knight,
Wou'd mock the Muſe's art.

But every kind and gracious ſoul,
Where gentle paſſions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole,
Than any Muſe can tell.

The more the Knight his BERTHA knew,
The more he priz'd the maid;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accompliſh'd Youth;
His ſingle breaſt ſhe ſtrove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who *general* homage claim,
Who court the *univerſal* gaze,
And pant for *public* fame,

Then Beauty but on merit ſmil'd,
Nor were her chaſte ſmiles ſold;
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED'S flame
But ill cou'd brook delay,
And oft he preſs'd the maid to name
A ſpeedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breaſt
'Twas all in vain to hide,
But ſhe his eager ſuit repreſt
With modeſt, maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED preſs'd the day
Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful Sire would ſigh, and ſay,
"O happy ſtate of youth!

" It little recks the woes which wait,
" To ſcare its dreams of joy,
" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
" May all thoſe dreams deſtroy.

" And tho' the flatterer, Hope, deceives,
" And painted proſpects ſhews;
" Yet man, ſtill cheated, ſtill believes,
" Till death the bright ſcene cloſe.

" So look'd my bride, ſo ſweetly mild,
" On me her beauty's ſlave;
" But whilſt ſhe look'd, and whilſt ſhe ſmil'd,
" She ſunk into the grave.

" Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
" Forgive a father's zeal;
" Who fondly loves muſt greatly fear,
" Who fears muſt greatly feel.

" Once more in ſoft and ſacred bands
" Shall Love and Hymen meet;
" To-morrow ſhall unite your hands,
" And——be your bliſs complete!"

The riſing ſun inflam'd the ſky,
The golden orient bluſh'd;
But BIRTHA's cheeks a ſweeter die,
A brighter crimſon fluſh'd.

The Prieſt, in milk-white veſtments clad,
Perform'd the myſtic rite;
Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
To Hymen's chaſte delight.

How feeble language were to ſpeak
Th' immeaſurable joy
That fir'd Sir ELDRED's ardent cheek,
And triumph'd in his eye!

Sir ARDOLPH's pleaſure ſtood confeſt,
A pleaſure all his own;
The guarded rapture of a breaſt
Which many a grief had known.

'Twas ſuch a ſober ſenſe of joy
As Angels well might keep;
A joy chaſtis'd by piety,
A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her ſcatter'd thought,
And ſhun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in ſecret ſought
The coolneſs of her Bower.

Long ſhe remain'd——th' enamour'd Knight,
Impatient at her ſtay,
And all unfit to taſte delight
When BIRHTA was away;

Betakes him to the ſecret Bower;
His footſteps ſoftly move;
Impell'd by every tender power,
He ſteals upon his love.

O, horror! horror! blaſting ſight!
He ſees his BRITHA's charms,
Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
Within a ſtranger's arms.

Wild phrenzy fires his frantic hand,
Diſtracted at the ſight,
He flies to where the lovers ſtand,
And ſtabs the ſtranger Knight.

"Die, traitor, die, thy guilty flames
"Demand th' avenging ſteel"—
"It is my brother, ſhe exclaims,
"'Tis EDWY—Oh farewell!"

An aged peaſant, EDWY's guide,
The good old ARNOLPH fought;
He told him that his boſom's pride,
His EDWY, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt!
How faint, and how revive!
Juſt ſo the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
To find his ſon alive.

"Let me behold my darling's face,
"And bleſs him ere I die!
Then with a ſwift and vigorous pace,
He to the Bower did hie.

O ſad reverſe!—Sunk on the ground
His ſlaughter'd ſon he view'd,
And dying BIRTHA cloſe he found
In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold, ſpeechleſs, ſenſeleſs, ELDRED near,
Gaz'd on the deed he had done;
Like the blank ſtatue of *Deſpair*,
Or *Madneſs* grav'd in ſtone.

The father ſaw—ſo Jepthah ſtood,
So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
When the dear, deſtin'd child he view'd,
His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not ſpeak,
And on the pale corſe preſt
His wan, diſcolour'd, dying cheek,
And ſilent, ſunk to reſt.

Then BIRTHA faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceas'd to ſtream,
On ELDRED fix'd with many a ſigh
Its dim, departing beam.

The

The cold, cold dews of haſtening death
  Upon her pale face ſtand;
And quick and ſhort her failing breath,
  And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold dews of haſtening death,
  The dim, departing eye,
The quivering hand, the ſhort quick breath
  He view'd—and did not die.

He ſaw her ſpirit mount in air,
  Its kindred ſkies to ſeek!
His heart its anguiſh could not bear,
  And yet it wou'd not break.

The mournful Muſe forbears to tell
  How wretched ELDRED died:
She draws the Grecian * Painter's veil,
  The vaſt diſtreſs to hide.

Yet Heaven's decrees are juſt and wiſe,
  And man is born to bear:
Joy is the portion of the ſkies,
  Beneath them, all is care.

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* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes having exhauſted every image of grief in the by-ſtanders, threw a veil over the face of the father, whoſe ſorrow he was utterly unable to expreſs. PLIN. Book xxxv.

THE END.

THE
BLEEDING ROCK:
A
LEGENDARY TALE.

——— The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. MILTON.

THE

BLEEDING ROCK:

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

——— The annual wound that's dy'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. MILTON.

THE

BLEEDING ROCK:

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

WHERE beauteous *Belmont* rears its modeſt brow
To view *Sabrina*'s ſilver waves below,
Liv'd LINDAMIRA; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The ſame ſweet form, the ſame enchanting mien,
With all that ſofter elegance of mind
By genius heighten'd, and by taſte refin'd.
Yet yearly was ſhe doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love ſubdu'd the fair.
Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the finiſh'd face?
Or what, each beauty on the heaven-born mind,
The ſoul ſuperior, or the taſte refin'd?
Beauty but ſerves deſtruction to inſure,
And *ſenſe*, to feel the pang it cannot cure.
Each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd to gain her hand,
And many a ſuitor came from many a land.
But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd,
And diſtant ſuitors all in vain admir'd.
Averſe to hear, yet fearful to offend,
The lover ſhe refus'd ſhe made a friend:
Her meek rejection wore ſo mild a face,
More like acceptance ſeem'd it, than diſgrace.

Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural ſwains,
Was wont to viſit *Belmont*'s blooming plains.

Who has not heard how *Polydore* cou'd throw
Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
How leave the ſwifteſt at the race behind,
How mount the courſer, and outſtrip the wind?
With melting ſweetenſs, or with magic fire,
Breathe the ſoft flute, or ſtrike the louder lyre?
From that fam'd lyre no vulgar muſick ſprung,
The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo ſtrung.

Apollo too was once a ſhepherd ſwain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the ruſtic plain.
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The ſocial ſweetneſs, and the ſylvan ſong;
He taught, fair Wiſdom in her grove to wooe,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
The ſavage herds in mute attention ſtood,
And raviſh'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood;
The ſacred Siſters, ſtooping from their ſphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.
Till Heav'n the ſcene ſurvey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy, call'd him to the ſkies.

Young *Polydore* was rich in large domains,
In ſmiling paſtures, and in flowery plains:
With theſe, he boaſted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm;
To act the tenderneſs he never felt,
In ſorrow ſoften, and in anguiſh melt.
The ſigh elaborate, the fraudful tear,
The joy diſſembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
All theſe were his; and his the treach'rous art
That ſteals the guileleſs and unpractis'd heart.

Too ſoon he heard of *Lindamira's* fame,
'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme;
Return'd the riſing, and the ſetting ſun,
The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
They prais'd her wit, her worth, her ſhape, her air!
And even inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such

Such ſweet perfection all his wonder mov'd;
He ſaw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd:
But *Polydore* no real paſſion knew,
Loſt all to truth in feigning to be true.
No ſenſe of tenderneſs could warm a heart,
Too proud to feel, too ſelfiſh to impart.

Cold as the ſnows of *Rhodope* deſcend,
And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend;
So cold the breaſt where *Vanity* preſides,
And mean Self-love the boſom-feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conqueſt ſure,
Win her ſoft heart, yet keep his own ſecure.
So oft he told the well imagin'd tale,
So oft he ſwore— how ſhou'd he not prevail?
Too unſuſpecting not to be deceiv'd,
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd;
She lov'd the youth, ſhe thought herſelf belov'd,
Nor bluſh'd to praiſe whom every maid approv'd.
Alas! that youth, from *Lindamira* far,
For newer conqueſts wages cruel war;
With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
Where injur'd *Lindamira* never comes;
Laughs at her eaſy faith, inſults her woe,
Nor pities tears himſelf had taught to flow.

And now her eye's ſoft radiance ſeem'd to fail,
And now the crimſon of her cheek grew pale;
The lily there, in faded beauty, ſhews
Its ſickly empire o'er the vanquiſh'd roſe.
Devouring ſorrow marks her for his prey,
And ſlow and certain mines his ſilent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increaſing ſtrength ſuſtain'd her firmer mind.
" O had my heart been hard as his," ſhe cried,
" An hapleſs victim thus I had not died:
" If there be gods, and gods there ſurely are,
" Inſulted virtue doubtleſs is their care.

" Then

" Then haſten righteous Heaven! my tedious fate,
" Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date:
" Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
" Let me be any thing but what I am!
" And ſince the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
" Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well;
" Grant me ſome form where love can have no part,
" Nor human weakneſs reach my guarded heart.
" If pity has not left your bleſt abodes,
" Change me to flinty adamant, ye Gods;
" To hardeſt rock, or monumental ſtone,
" Rather than let me know the pangs I've known,
" So ſhall I thus no farther torments prove,
" Nor taunting rivals ſay, 'ſhe died for love.'
" For ſure if aught can aggravate our fate,
" 'Tis ſcorn, or pity from the breaſt we hate."
She ſaid,—the Gods accord the ſad requeſt;
For when were pious pray'rs in vain addreſt?

Now, ſtrange to tell! if rural folks ſay true,
To harden'd Rock the ſtiffening damſel grew;
No more her ſhapeleſs features can be known,
Stone is her body, and her limbs are ſtone;
The growing Rock invades her beauteous face,
And quickly petrifies each living grace;
The ſtone her ſtature nor her ſhape retains,
The nymph is vaniſh'd, but the Rock remains.
Yet wou'd her heart its vital ſpirits keep,
And ſcorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babbling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
Grief ſeized the ſoul of perjur'd *Polydore*;
Deſpair and horror robb'd his ſoul of reſt,
And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breaſt.
Then to the fatal ſpot in haſte he hied,
And plung'd a deadly poniard in his ſide:
He bent his dying eyes upon the ſtone,
And, " Take, ſweet maid," he cried, " my parting groan."

Faint-

Fainting, the ſteel he graſp'd, and as he fell,
The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd ſo well;
The guiltleſs ſteel aſſail'd the mortal part,
And ſtabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart.
The life-blood iſſuing from the wounded ſtone,
Blends with the crimſon current of his own.
And tho' revolving ages ſince have paſt,
The meeting torrents undiminiſh'd laſt;
Still guſhes out the ſanguine ſtream amain,
The ſtanding wonder of the ſtranger ſwain.

Now once a year, ſo ruſtic records tell,
When o'er the health reſounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midſummer that foe to ſleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The * tell-tale ſhrub freſh gather'd to declare
The ſwains who falſe, from thoſe who conſtant are;
When ghoſts in clanking chains the church-yard walk,
And to the wondering ear of fancy talk:
When the ſcar'd maid ſteals trembling thro' the grove,
To kiſs the tomb of him who died for love:
When, with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppreſt,
Steals broken pauſes of uncertain reſt;
Nay *Grief* ſhort ſnatches of repoſe can take,
And nothing but *Deſpair* is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, ſo ſtill, ſo full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd *Polydore* obſerv'd to rove
A ghaſtly ſpectre thro' the gloomy grove;
Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
Where ſadly ſighing, it diſſolves to air.

Still when the hours of ſolemn rites return,
The village train in ſad proceſſion mourn;
Pluck every weed which might the ſpot diſgrace,
And plant the faireſt field-flow'rs in their place.

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* Midſummer-men, conſulted as oracles by village maids.

Around no noxious plant, or floweret grows,
But the firſt daffodil, and earlieſt roſe:
The ſnow-drop ſpreads its whiteſt boſom here,
And golden cowſlips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primroſe takes a fairer hue,
And every violet boaſts a brighter blue.
Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
Laments her loſt, or wooes her living love.
Secure from harm is every hallow'd neſt,
The ſpot is ſacred where true lovers reſt.
To guard the Rock from each malignant ſprite
A troop of guardian ſpirits watch by night
Aloft in air each takes his little ſtand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land* *

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* By contraction *Failand*, a hill well known in Somerſetſhire; not far from this is *The Bleeding Rock*, from which conſtantly iſſues a crimſon current.

THE END.

THE
DIABOLIAD,
A
POEM.

THE

DIABOLIAD,

A

POEM.

DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being acquainted with your Lordſhip; and as I do not wiſh there ſhould be any attempt to violate my property, to eſtrange the affections of my wife, to ſeduce my daughter, or corrupt my ſon; it is a matter of real ſatisfaction to me that I have not formed any connections with you.

To addreſs you, my Lord, in the name you derived from your Anceſtors, would be treating you in common with thoſe who have no titles to diſtinguiſh them from the herd of ordinary men. The moſt eminent Bards, Orators, Philoſophers, and Stateſmen, have felt greater delight, and received an higher fame from titles characteriſtic of their excellence, than imperial favour could beſtow,. Does not Mr. *Garrick's* character, my

Lord,

Lord, derive an honour from the application of thoſe he ſo well deſerves, the *Reformer of the Stage*, the *Great Theatrical Example*, the *Britiſh Actor*, &c. &c. with which his particular name has no more to do, than any other which has been uſed for the purpoſes of ſocial diſtinction? If I were to quote to your Lordſhip an opinion of *Solomon*'s, you might, perhaps imagine him to be a Jew-broker, a near relation, a familiar ſervant or a Character in a Comedy; but when I mention a ſaying of the *Wiſe Man*, your Lordſhip will immediately perceive, by this diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic appellation, that I mean no leſs a perſonage than *the King of Iſrael*. How faint does *General*, *Sir Jeffery*, or even *Lord Amherſt* ſound, compared with the *Conqueror of America!* And how inſipid is the title of *General*, *Sir William*, or even *Lord Howe*, on a compariſon with the *Re-conquerors of it*,—ſhould the wiſhes of Great Britain be compleated!

Cicero and many others among the ancients owed their names to ſome perſonal peculiarity or defect, and the misfortune of bandy legs gave a well known title to one of our own Monarchs. I do not know, my Lord, that Nature has been guilty of any inattention to your form; and if ſhe had, it would not have concerned me, who look to the mind as the beſt ſource of name and title. Though, if I had time, and it were to the purpoſe, we might find it matter of curious ſpeculation to enquire, why the pooreſt and moſt ignoble man on earth, if capricious Nature has placed a hunch upon his back, ſhould be honoured with the ſame title as your Lordſhip, without the formalities of a Royal Patent.

But to proceed.——The bulk of mankind, who are incapable of nice obſervation, and to whom, if they were capable, it would be uſeleſs, look not to the more intermediate ſtate of human character; but, paſſing at once to the extremes, fix their attention on the Beſt and Worſt of Men. Your Lordſhip need not, therefore, be afraid, that you will eſcape that celebrity which I mean

to

to beſtow by this Dedication. However, not to omit any thing which may produce your conviction, I ſhall beg leave, my Lord, to acquaint you, that many years ago, when mankind in general were not ſo enlightened and informed, more particularly with reſpect to character, as they are at preſent, a Letter was Publiſhed, addreſſed *To the Moſt Impudent Man Living*; a title far more vague and indeterminate than that which I have done myſelf the honour of giving to your Lordſhip. Nevertheleſs, the public eye immediately diſcovered to whom this poor performance, for it was a very poor one, was addreſſed, though he was ſheltered, where one would think impudence could not find a ſhelter, in the boſom of the Church.

There are many in the world, who think the perfection of their abilities to conſiſt in making their vices the means of attracting the notice of mankind. Your Lordſhip's own heart will tell you, that you are one of the number; and ſurely you will think all further reaſoning on this ſubject nugatory and impertinent, when I aſſure you, my Lord, that your ſucceſs has been equal to your wiſhes.

However, if you are not convinced by my arguments; and the properity of that title which my pen has beſtowed upon you ſhould be a matter of doubt in your Lordſhip's breaſt; will you, my Lord, do me the favour to travel a few lines farther, and hear my excuſes for the liberty I have taken? You will therefore pardon me, if I am now obliged to turn from ſo important an object as Lord———, to ſo inconſiderable an individual as myſelf.

I was not born to refine and poliſh my own Compoſitions! The long habit of making rapid ſketches of men and things, has rendered me wholly incapable of filling up an Outline with thoſe effectual maſſes of light and ſhade, and that happy, harmonious mixture of colours,

which

which distinguish the work of judicious application. I know, my Lord, that I am a careless Writer:

The inaccuracies of this Address, and the pages which succeed it, will I fear, fully prove my assertion. Nevertheless I feel a self-complacency resulting from this performance, unlaboured as it may be, which I am sure your Lordship would wish me to possess as my solace and my reward. This satisfaction, therefore, I cannot suffer to be diminished, nor my allowable vanity to be mortified, by prefixing a name to my work which is to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *Blushing* Register, and which you never suffer to be erased from the Journals of your Tradesmen.

I am, my Lord, with due respect,

Your Lordship's sincere Friend,

* * * *.

THE

THE

DIABOLIAD,

THE Devil, grown old, was anxious to prepare,
A fit Succeſſor for the Infernal chair.
At length he ſummon'd forth his choſen band:
And thus the Monarch gave his laſt command:
" Expand your ſable wings, and ſpeed to earth!
" To every knave of power, and imp of birth,
" Stateſmen and peers, theſe welcome tidings tell,
" That I reſolve to quit the throne of Hell:
" But, ere I ceaſe to reign, 'twill be my care
" From my dear children to elect an heir.
" For this important end, I now proclaim,
" And ſwear by Satan's high and mighty name,
" That ere the poſting ſun's reſplendent ray
" Dawns on the upper world another day,
" With all terrific pomp, I will appear
" On the dark, ebon throne of Hell, to hear
" The claimants of its honours each diſplay
" Their titles—to my proud, imperial ſway.
" This purpoſe let my favourite mortals know,
" And give them convoy to my realms below."
They heard, and inſtant ſoar'd upon the wind;
The infernal regions ſoon were left behind.
By whirlwinds borne, they urge the rapid flight,
Till, gently fluttering round the giddy height
Of Paul's black, ſooty dome, they unobſerved alight.
In ſtrict obedience to their king's command,
The human ſhape aſſum'd, along the Strand

They bend their courſe, to where the *Scaffold* ſtood
That whilom ſmoak'd with ſtreams of royal blood;
And where, I truſt, if tyrant king ſucceed
To ſpurn our ſacred laws,—thoſe kings ſhall bleed.
Here they diſperſe:—ſome take their fav'rite way
To thoſe fam'd manſions—where the ſons of play
By trick and rapine ſhare a baſe reward;
Shake the falſe dye, and pack the ready card;
In ſolemn tone their errand they proclaim,
Their high commiſſion, and their ſovereign's name.
With joy and wonder ſtruck, the parties riſe!
"Hell is worth trying for," *** cries;
Pigeons are left unpluck'd, the game unplay'd,
And F—— forgets the certain bett he made;
E'en S—l—n feels ambition fire his breaſt,
And leaves, half-told, the fabricated Jeſt.
Well-pleas'd, th' infernal miniſters reſume
Their real forms, and through the midnight gloom,
On wide-ſtretched wings, the eager Claimants bore
To the dank darkneſs of the Stygian ſhore.
The reſt of Hell's induſtrious band reſort
To the corrupted Purlieus of the court;
To lure the Stateſman from his deep-laid ſcheme,
To wake the courtier from his golden dream,
And make the C—b—l—n deſire to hold
Hell's wieghty ſceptre,—for 'tis made of gold.
Sure he'd reſign for ſuch a tempting fee!
Hell's ſceptre far outweighs the golden key!
But cautious * * ſhrinks, when riſks are run,
And leaves ſuch honors for his Eldeſt Son.
Now prowling onwards to the noiſome caves
Where Proſtitution rules her needy ſlaves,
They tempt the lordling, by ambition's charms,
From the rank pleaſures of a Harlot's arms;
Then, with the mortal croud, they bend their flight
To the dark realms of everlaſting night.
Lords of the Chamber,—Miniſters of ſtate,
With ſons of lords, and hirelings of the great:
Men whom the villain only loves, the worthy hate;

Fol.

Follow'd by pimps, bawds, paraſites and whores,
In crouds, approach'd hell's admantine doors.
As they came onward, Mercury the gay *
With lively greetings met them on the way;
He was the briſk Sir *Clement Cottrell* of the day.
The winged god thrice wav'd his magic wand!
The maſſive doors acknowledg'd his command;
And to the claimants wond'ring eyes diſplay'd
Satan, in all his gloomy pomp array'd.
High in his throne, on golden columns rear'd,
The venerable King of Hell appear'd.
In his right hand a weighty mace he bore,
And on his brow a regal crown he wore,

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* If the Orthodox Critic ſhould here obſerve, that I have thrown a ſlight upon *his* Devil, by introduing ſo great an Heathen as *Mercury* to his employment, he will diſcover, when he lowers his eyes to this part of the page, that I have made the obſervation before him.—But if, according to ſome of the antient Chriſtian Fathers, his *Satanic Majeſty* was ſuppoſed, for his own private ends, to concern himſelf with the Heathen Oracles, Sybils and Pythoneſſes, I may, ſurely, under their reſpectable authority, make him have occaſional recourſe to another of the ſame family, without the leaſt degradation. Beſides, I had not one of the Rabbinical Writers within my reach, while I was writing this Poem, to give me the name of Satan's Gentleman-Uſher: ſo that, to ſave myſelf trouble, which I at all times hate and deteſt, I borrowed an acquaintance from the Grecian Poets.—Again, if my Critic will but conſider of whom the troop conſiſted which received ſafe conduct from this winged guide, he muſt eſteem *Mercury*, who is, (Heathenly ſpeaking) the preſiding genius of rogues, ſharpers, &c. as properly introduced to be their conductor.—And as an orthodox critic muſt conſider all ſuch in the light of heathens, my application to the Pagan mythology wtll not appear ſo *mal-a-propos* as he at firſt imagined.

Begirt around with ſpiral flames, which ſhed
A ſilver luſtre o'er his aged head.
Beneath the throne, arrang'd in order ſat
The long-eſtabliſh'd council of the ſtate.
In every hand the flaming torches wave,
And caſt their ſplendor through th' imperial cave
High in the vault the fiery Dragons ſhone,
And Monſters, whoſe dire ſhape was never known
To mortal fantaſy,—when, reaſon flown,
Fear fills the mind with ſpectres of her own.
With flaky flames the diſtant region glow'd,
Whoſe angry light, in all their horrors ſhew'd
Thoſe fields of fire where guilty ſpirits dwell,
And in loud, ceaſeleſs ſhrieks their anguiſh tell,
Nor reſpite know:—Hope cannot enter there,
To calm their ſorrows or to ſoothe deſpair.
With horrid clangor now the clarion ſounds;
Through the dark dome the jarring thunder bounds.
Then roſe the king;— and all th' infernal crowd
With threefold reverence to their monarch bow'd.
Throughout the court the expecting murmur ran,
But ſoon was huſh'd;—when Satan thus began.
" Thouſands of years have paſs'd ſince, firſt, I fell
" Into the deep abyſs of flaming Hell;
" And many an age ſince my Almighty foe
" Gave me dominion in theſe realms below.
" Ambition's ſlave from Heaven I was hurl'd
" Down to the depths of this infernal world.
" Tho' Heaven was loſt, ambition ſtill poſſeſs'd
" Its darling empire in my haughty breaſt.
" My tribes, with fruitleſs expectation chear'd,
" And patriot zeal, this gloomy palace rear'd,—
" Here fix'd my Throne,—here form'd my awful ſtate,
" And to my will reſign'd their future fate.
" But, cloy'd with power, my ambition's o'er;
" The boaſted charms of empire are no more!
" Here then, my children, hear your ſire declare,
" Of Hell's dominions he ſhall be the heir,
" Whoſe paſt life bore the moſt obdurate crimes;
" Who gave new vigour to degenerate times;

" Falſe

" False to his God, who every law defy'd,
" Thief, traitor, hypocrite and parracide;
" Let him who claims these titles as his own,
" Come forward, prove his claim,—and take the crown."
The Monarch ceas'd——* * * foremost stood;
And wav'd his hand to hush the murmuring croud.
Then graceful bow'd around; but, ere he spoke,
Satan again the awful silence broke:
" Well-meaning youth! the great and noble aim
" Deserves remembrance, in the rolls of fame!
" But know, for to thyself 'tis yet unknown,
" These characters of ill thou canst not own.
" Within the deep recesses of thy breast
" The pregnant seeds of many a virtue rest.
" Now baneful passions do their place supply,
" And check their progress to maturity.
" The feverish ardor of distastrous game
" Burns with a furious, unrelenting flame;
" And daily thinks to quench its parching thirst
" By deeds esteem'd the noblest and the first
" In Hell's black Calender.—The foul design
" To make another's wealth, by treachery, thine;
" To charm, with pleasing arts, the artless heir
" To call thee friend,—then lay th' unerring snare,
" Pocket his fleeting gold—and leave him to dispair.
" But I, who every distant age can see,
" Whose keen look kens the vast Futurity,
" Ill-pleas'd thy alter'd character behold,
" No more by hungry Appetites controll'd;
" From every hateful vice and passion free,
" Lov'd by the Gods above,—and lost to me!
" Farewell! Thy well-meant efforts will be vain!
" Cherubs attend to bear thee back again!"
In order due, Volpone next appear'd;
Loose was his hair, unshaven was his beard:
O'er his whole face was spread a yellow hue,
Borrow'd, perhaps, from some relenting Jew
Not anxious to be paid.—Gold he had none;
Th' inverted pocket told that all was gone.

But ere he made his claim to Hell's rewards,
His right hand wav'd aloft the fatal cards.
Then, ſmiling, thus he ſpoke:—"All-gracious power!
"Who from my natal to the preſent hour,
"Didſt o'er my life, with foſtering care, preſide,
"My friend, my guardian, and my faithful guide!
"How weak the taſk my actions to review!
"You know them all, dread ſir, they ſprung from you!
"And now, I truſt, 'tis you alone ſuggeſt
"The great, determin'd purpoſe of my breaſt,
"To try my chance, at this important hour,
"And *ſtake my Soul* againſt your ſov'reign power——
"Who wins has both."—"Thy ſoul's already mine,"
Satan replied: "And I this day aſſign
"Thy earthly duty.—Hence, begone, to bait,
"With maſtiff zeal,—a miniſter of ſtate."
Poor —— diſmiſs'd, next comes a noble peer:
Grooms, pimps, and link-boys, give the triple cheer.
His right hand bore a horſe-ſhoe and a bit;
His left, a book by *Angeloni* writ;
To whoſe fair pages—anxious after fame,
His Lordſhip ventur'd to prefix his name.
A wife complain'd that matrimonial dues
Were nightly waſted in the wanton ſtews;
A friend lamented how he was beguil'd,
And mourn'd a ruin'd and forſaken child;
While two attendant parſons boldly ſwore,
They never wanted—but he paid the whore:
Then loud proclaim'd his knowledge in the wiles
Of drabby *Drury* and of low St. *Giles*.
E'en Saint-like Godby blaſts her eyes, and ſwears,
* *'s the moſt abandon'd of his peers *.

---

* This noble perſon, verging to that time of life when he may ſay of the brothels, "I myſelf have no pleaſure in them," is fond of introducing gentlemen of the black cloth and character into theſe places, where he enjoys the contemplation of their pleaſures, and pays for them.—Mrs. *Godby*'s piety ſuffers very much upon

His vouchers done, with ſimper on his cheek
He ſilent ſtood;—for * * cannot ſpeak;
When the ſage council, with one voice, declare——
"Rough-riders would diſgrace *a regal chair.*"
Without one virtue that can grace a name;
Without one vice that e'er exalts to fame;
The deſpicable * * next appears,
His boſom panting with its uſual fears:
He ſtrives in vain,—and fruitleſs proves the art,
To hide, with vacant ſmile, the treacherous heart.
The faithful Harry* ſtands not by his ſide,
His learned counſel, and his conſtant guide;

---

upon theſe occaſions, and can only be equalled by his L* *'s refinement, which is ſo univerſally known, that I expect every day to hear of its being ſnug in a proverb.

It is not impoſſible that the ſcene of the two M——ly ——ts, Father and Son, may be acted over again and again, when a certain young nobleman returns from his travels.

Godby's Nocturnals, p. 116.

N. B. The manuſcript from which this laſt note is taken, will make its appearance in due time, and unfold ſome tranſactions which the world little thinks of.

* This young nobleman's character is, in every reſpect, a ſtriking contraſt to his ——; but the following anecdote will give a very ſtrong explanation of my idea concerning him.—When Mr. C—— F—— propoſed him to be elected into one of the faſhionable clubs, he was almoſt univerſally black-ballad, Mr. F——, who *at that time* had great intereſt there, was much ſurpriſed that his friend ſhould be thus rejected: But as he concluded, and not without reaſon, that the univerſal diſguſt in which the family of his friend was held had prevented his ſucceſs, he propoſed him again, with a declaration, on his honour, that Mr. * * had not one quality in common with any of his family. The event juſtified Mr. F——'s penetration; on the

ſecond

Who for an hard-earn'd, narrow competence,
Supplies his tongue with words, his head with ſenſe*.
At length, recover'd from his huge affright,
He, ſtammering, reads the ſpeech he did not write:
" Curſt with hereditary love of ſelf,
" I hate all human beings but myſelf;
" Croſs and perplex my wife, becauſe ſhe prov'd,
" Poor girl!—not rich enough to be belov'd.
" But all return my hate:—where'er I go,
" My coward eye beholds a ready foe.
" And tho' to earth's extremes my feet I bend,
" Theſe arms would ne'er embrace a real friend.
" When my breaſt throbs with unrelenting grief,
" No friendly ſpirits bring the kind relief,
" If I ſink down beneath oppreſſing pain,
" Surrounding foes rejoice as I complain.
" I'm ſcoff'd by thoſe, who from my hand have prov'd
" That kindneſs which would make *another* lov'd
" Men, who to other patrons bend their knee.
" Are proud of their Ingratitude to me.

ſecond ballot not a ſingle black-ball appeared againſt his friend.———This anecdote has been aſſerted to me as a fact: But be that as it may, the principle of it is founded in truth, and ſerves the purpoſe of doing juſtice to a moſt amiable character, whoſe great merit the author of theſe pages, who ſincerely loves him, is glad to atteſt.

* It is not uncommon for an avaricious Father to ſaddle a younger Brother for a maintenance on the elder, eſpecially if he has a place. And if the latter ſhould poſſeſs an hereditary baſeneſs, he will carry on the ſpirit of *conditionalizing*, and inſiſt that the former ſhall, in return, give him the uſe of his underſtanding. It too often happens that elder brothers want ſpirit and underſtanding, and that younger ones who have both in an eminent degree, ſtand in need of a proviſion. It is hard that Worth and Genius ſhould be ſo ſituated! but this is among the ſore evils under the Sun!

" Thus

" Thus, without friends on earth, I humbly ſue
" To find, my gracious liege, a friend in you.
" *Hated by all.*—I'm fit to be allied
" To your imperial ſtate!"——The king replied:
" If vacant ſmiles and hypocritic air
" Could form pretenſions to this ſov'reign chair;
" If my pale crown by *meanneſs* could be won,
" Who has ſo fair a claim as * *'s ſon?
" But meanneſs is a vice which Devils diſdain!
" Should'ſt thou attempt, baſe mortal, here to reign,
" To wield this ſceptre,—and to wear my crown,
" Th' infernal hoſt will riſe to caſt the down,
" With furious zeal, where outcaſt ſpirits lie,
" In the dark dens of gnaſhing infamy.
" Such minds as thine,—obſerve the truth I tell!
" *Find neither friends on Earth,—nor friends in hell.*"
Appall'd the hapleſs lordling ſneak'd away,
And harpies hiſs'd him to the realms of day *.

---

* Several of my friends who were kind enough to approve, and, indeed, enforce the publication of this little Work, ſeemed to think that I had fruſtrated my intention of marking the inſignificance of this character, by giving ſo many lines to the delineation of it. But as the bold ſtrokes are more eaſily imitated than the finer pencillings of nature, thoſe colourleſs bad qualities which have not ſufficient ſtrength or ſpirit to riſe into daring, manly vice, require a great length of deſcription to impreſs them properly on the attention of the Reader. Indeed, it is my ſerious opinion, that this man's life would be a profitable leſſon to the world, to prove, that *meanneſs* of *ſpirit* though unaccompanied by any bold, open violations of virtue, will ever be more contemptibly obnoxious, and diſtreſſing, than any of thoſe public vices which are ſeldom wholly unconnected with ſome ſort of principle, and often originate from the ſame ſource with many virtues. The ebullitions of youth, the ſpur of neceſſity, the prevalence of example may hurry to enormities. In theſe caſes, however, the cauſe is not always diffi-

The murmurs hush'd—the herald straight proclaim'd
S—l—n the witty next in order nam'd.
But he was gone to hear the dismal yells
Of tortur'd ghosts and suffering criminals.
Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to return,
Charm'd to behold the crackling culprits burn.
With GEORGE, all know ambition must give place,
Where there's an *Execution* in the case *.

---

difficult to be removed, and frequently removes itself. The effects will then cease, and honour and virtue return. But a mean spirit, as in this example, is a low, sneaking, base, fixed propensity to what is bad, which it loves; and yet is compelled by its fears to assume the semblance of good, which it hates. It is wholly incorrigible, and attends the character it has once possessed through every degree of station and of life; and is very seldom or never known to rise into momentary courage or spirit; unless suicide, to which it has sometimes applied for a dismission from universal contempt, may be considered as an example of them.

But this subject, which I have already extended beyond the limits of a note, shall be considered in a separate publication, illustrated and proved by anecdotes of the Character before me when he was at School, the University, in France, Ireland, Warwickshire, London; as a School-boy, a Collegian, a Traveller, a Secretary, a Militia-Commander, a Husband, and so on to the present times,—with collateral relations.

* I would not be guilty of injustice to any character. *George* does not want humanity! nay, he has an uncommon portion of this virtue: it extends even to the *gallows*; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called *Sixteen-String Jack*. And I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hanged in his life but, when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which every-body does not possess,

to

And now a noiſy, drunken crew agpear,
Who on their ſhoulders jocund * * bear,
And *bluſhing* too ;—tho' Bacchus midnight dye
Veils the confuſion of his modeſty.
Inflam'd with wine, and reeling in their dance,
With Bacchanalian carrol they advance.
An ivy chaplet on his head he wears ;
His willing hand the maſſy goblet bears :
But as the trembling cup he frequent ſips,
Th' ungrateful claret oozes from his lips.
In larger ſtreams it ſoon begins to flow,
With copious daſhings, on his friends below.
Returning loud acclaims, the laughing crowd
Haſte to ſet down their honourable load.
On the firm rock they plac'd their dripping chair,
When, lo ! the hero 'gan to ſlumber there.

---

to reconcile the apparent contradiction in the human character. However, I ſhall not, at preſent, enter further upon the ſubject than to obſerve, that there are certain propenſities in the mind, which, being long indulged, become irreſiſtible, and ſtand betwen men and their beſt intereſts. All the world knows that Mr. S— is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wiſhes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the ſole, propenſity of the human breaſt. But in the character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propenſities in the ſame mind, which, upon certain occaſions, form a ſpirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very gentleman, though he had made a very conſiderable bett that he ſhould not be at a certain execution, was, notwithſtanding, diſcovered to be actually preſent at the *ſpectacle*, dreſſed like an old woman, in a joſeph and bonnet, and ſeated on horſe back, &c. &c. This is a twofold irreſiſtible propenſity ! Nevertheleſs, *George*, is a man of humanity.

Thrice

Thrice rous'd, he opes his eyes, and, half awake.
He boldly hiccups—but he cannot ſpeak.
A dewy torpor o'er his ſenſes creeps;
Again he belches, ſnorts, and grunts, and ſleeps.
Now 'mid the council, roſe a Stygian peer,
A more malignant ſpirit was not there:
The haughty brow and angry look he wore,
Which, upon earth, the *ducal* B——d bore:
And with impatient air he thus expreſs'd
The ſceret counſels of his troubled breaſt.

" 'Twould ill become me, my all-ſov'reign power!
" In this dread place, and at this awful hour,
" From my infernal nature to depart,
" And own the feelings of a grateful heart,
" But that I mean thoſe feelings to belye,
" And daſh their pow'rs with helliſh enmity.
" To me the drowſy Claimant has been known
" Full many a year:—Nor do I bluſh to own
" His faithful ſervice and his pliant ſoul
" So fitly moulded to my proud controul,
" My baſe beheſts he never diſobey'd,
" And what I bid him ſay, he always ſaid.
" With ſmutty tales his barren wit he ſtor'd,
" To be the *Momus* of my frugal board!
" When at my back the angry laſh was thrown,
" He ſav'd me,—and receiv'd it on his own *.
" By theſe, and many kindred deeds, he prov'd
" My truſty ſlave,---and was by me belov'd.
" At length, I rais'd him from his low eſtate,
" To give him place among the rich and great †:

---

* The correction which the late Duke of B——, and a noble Earl now living, deſervedly received ſome years ago on the Courſe, at Litchfield, with the interpoſition of this modeſt perſon, and his ſubſequent elevations,—are they not written in the Book of the *Cronicles* of the *Houſe* of *B——y?*

† The fate of the nations, as well as of men, has been often ſaid to hang by a very ſlender thread: but

" This

" And now, poſſeſs'd of the World's wary ſenſe,
" *With ev'ry privilege of Impudence,*
" He ſpeaks alike his hatred and his love,
" And guides my factions in the realm above.
" There, my all-gracious liege, oh let him dwell,
" To form new ſubjects for the KING of HELL!"
He ceas'd—and ſtrait the Bacchanalian crew
Uprear'd their ſleeping hero,—and withdrew.
With eaſy, meaſur'd ſteps, lo! * appears,
And ſtrives to hide the waſte of wrinkling years.
Time had long waſh'd the bloom from off his face,
But the enliv'ning Rouge ſupplies its place.
Through the large circle of near half an age
This Lord has ſtrutted on the public ſtage,
The foppiſh prince of Fops, the *Maccaroni* Sage,
But, charm'd with trifles, pleas'd with every toy,
Still he is young,---*if Folly makes the Boy.*
The verdant ribbon grac'd his ſilken veſt,
The ſtar's pale ſilver glitter'd on his breaſt;
While, to a nearer ken, his wrinkles ſhew
The furrow'd emblems of *the batter'd Beau.*
At fam'd *Newmarket* he was taught to cheat,
To league with grooms and frame th' unerring bett;
Here learn'd the Jockey's art---and, what is worſe,---
Practis'd the Jockey's arts upon the courſe.
But now the *wiſer* Youth deſpiſe his aid
In the ſtale ſtable tricks or gambling trade;
And ſince each muſhroom fopling doth excel
His *vet'ran* taſte,---the peer,---Oh ſtrange to tell!
Burns with the proud deſire to *give the Ton to Hell.*
But ah!---no ſweets perfume the murky air,
Nor does the AGUJARI warble there.
Sulphureous flames diſpenſe their odours round,
And fiery caves emit their diſmal ſound:

---

this man, I believe, is the firſt whoſe unexpected fortunes may be literally traced to the *laſh of an horſe-whip.*

Blue vapours flash, and every moment shed
Disaster on his *well-appointed* head:
Bleak, rapid winds, with furious blast, unfurl
The various foldings of the frizzled curl:
The poisonous mildews his bright star assail,
And the rent ribbon flutters in the gale.
—The affrighted Peer both pray'd and swore in vain,
'Till an *hysteric* eas'd him of his pain.
His bosom burning with the active flame
Of proud ambition, MALAGRIDA come;
Nor came alone; crowds his arrival grace,
Wits out of bread, and Statesmen out of place:
B** the brave, and P** the *Divine*,
Attend to aid their Patron's great design;
With soldier's sword and presbyterian cant,
Together forming the *Church militant*.
—Becloak'd in black, beneath the sable cloud
Of a broad beaver, subtle *Foigard* stood,
And seem'd to muse; while the bold son of war
Shew'd his rough face, and pointed to the scar.
With these supports, the modest Peer preferr'd
His claim, which Satan with attention heard.
" Let others, of their varied vices vain,
" Boast their delight in ill, and high disdain
" Of virtuous deeds: Let them, with flippant tongue,
" Declare how great their skill in doing wrong:
" Let them their frauds, their burning mischiefs tell,
" And thus make out their claim to rule in Hell:
" I shall, great sir, by your dread leave, pursue
" A better way, and more approv'd by you.
" From me you shall not hear the idle praise
" Of folly practis'd in my boyish days.
" I will not trouble the infernal peers
" With the long story of my riper years;
" But, in plain, artless words, at once declare,
" If I'm appointed to your Sov'reign chair,
" What acts of wisdom shall adorn my reign,
" What new decretals will my power sustain;
" What schemes, what great designs, I shall propose,
" To aid the friends of Hell, and spoil her foes;

Whom,

" Whom, in my ſovereign will, I ſhall create
" The delegates of my infernal ſtate,
" Whoſe ſage and ſober councils may attend
" Their maſter's ſummons, and his power befriend.
" Dread king! behold them here! On earth they prov'd
" True to my intereſts, and their worth I lov'd.
" This ſage, grave doctor, now no more *Divine* *.
" Reflecting that 'twas folly to confine
" His roving genius, on the wing to fly
" Above the dull track of divinity,
" Threw off the paſtor's mean, ungrateful charge,
" Where'er his fancy led, to roam at large,
" And, fed by me, with eaſy ſmiles, deny
" Th' imputed guilt of foul hypocriſy.
" Myſterious nature hath to him diſplay'd
" Full many a wonder that, for ages laid
" In her dark ſtore-houſe, ſhunn'd th' exploring eye
" Of ſtudious art and pale philoſophy.
" Here, in theſe dread abodes, his ſoul aſpires
" To ſhew his ſkill, and curb your raging fires
" With ſtrong *electric power*, or diſpel
" Theſe noiſome vapours from the caves of Hell.
" He can to every taſk his wits apply,
" Bleſt with a happy verſatility.
" Now deep immers'd in philoſophic lore,
" And now the fate of nations he'll explore;
" Or, if 'twould anſwer any *good* † deſign,
" Science and politics he would reſign,
" And ſlide once more into the dull divine.

---

* If a Clergyman throws aſide the paſtoral duties of his profeſſion, the ſacred character is, in fact, deſerted, though the title and external appearance may be preſerved.

† There is ſcarce a word in the Engliſh Vocabulary which is more variouſly applied than this. On the preſent occaſion, the Reader is at liberty to uſe it in that ſenſe which will be moſt ſatisfactory to himſelf.

" But here's my ſoldier, and my ſoul's delight,
" As great in oratory as in fight;
" Whoſe ſteady ſervice has long won my love;
" My faithful echo in the world above *.
" With help-mates ſuch as theſe, I ſhall maintain
" A fair dominion and a proſperous reign."
" Their ſteady faith"——Satan, in haſte, reply'd,
" Within theſe awful realms ſhall ne'er be try'd;
" Nor ſhall my ſolid kingdom ſuffer wrong
" From the ſoft falſehoods of thy ſubtle tongue.
" Celeſtial virtue made the fix'd decree
" Which marks the limits of my royalty.
" The laws of Hell unalter'd muſt remain
" 'Till heaven, that form'd, diſſolves the triple chain
" Of ſtubborn fate, ſcarce knowing how to bend
" Beneath that power on whom its years depend;
" Who gave it being,---and will appoint its end.
" Shall puny legiſlators then, whoſe breath
" Juſt makes a tranſient life, then ſinks in death;
" Whoſe fickle laws now ſtrengthen, now pull down
" The tottering fabric of an earthly crown;
" Whoſe higheſt virtues and whoſe nobleſt rage
" Scarce claim remembrance through a fleeting age;
" Shall ſuch as theſe, grown inſolent and vain
" From party praiſes and the flattering ſtrain
" Of needy ſycophants---ſhall ſuch pretend
" Our ſtatutes and appointed laws to mend?
" Periſh the thought!---and know,---preſumptous lord!
" To your propoſals Hell will ne'er accord!
" In diſtant climes, beyond the Atlantic ſeas,
" Your words would give delight,---your project pleaſe.
" There, fann'd by me, lewd faction's quick'ning flame
" Inſpires my duteous Children to defame
" Thoſe laws of freedom which ſo long have ſtood,
" Fix'd in the cement of *Britannia's* blood.

---

* In a former age, great men had their *fools*; but times and manners are changed: now they have their ORATORS.

" There,

" There, by ſubverting delegates diſplay
" The madding pride of democratic ſway,
" There, fond of ſpoil and eager to undo,
" How happy they—to find a friend in you!
" Haſte then,—away!—America explore!
" *Rebellion* wooes you to her *Northern Shore!*"
Then in ſucceſſion came a peer of words, L^d Lyttleton
Well known,—and *honour'd* in the *Houſe of Lords*,
Whoſe eloquence all parallel defies!
So Sandwich ſays, and Sandwich never lies.
No doubt, the partial Earl delights to ſee,
In this young Lord, his own Epitome.
Behind him came, in Regimental dreſt,
The brazen *Gorgot* hanging on his breaſt,
Th' obſequious couſin, ready to obey,
What'er might be the buſineſs of the day.
With ſolemn look the conſcious peer began
Thus to addreſs the *Military Man*:
" Friend, couſin, pimp, or by whatever name
" You would be blaſted by the trump of fame,
" Approach, and lend me now unuſual aid!
" You, my brave ſoldier, never are afraid,
" But when the critic brows of ladies frown:
" With thy aſſiſtance, I ſhall mount the throne;
" And then, to thee, my coz, theſe powers ſhall bend,
" Their Monarch's fav'rite counſellor and friend.
" Oft at thy curious vice I've ſtood amaz'd,
" While *half-fledg'd ſubalterns*, with wonder gaz'd.
" Of you, their ſage *lieutenant*, *enſigns* learn
" The weakneſs of all virtue to diſcern!
" You fill their brains with honour and renown;
" And teach them how to live—*upon the town*
" To whore, to bully, to blaſpheme, to game,
" To ſcorn the boyiſh bluſh and honeſt ſhame;
" And having vers'd them in each common evil,
" Lead them to maſques to perſonate the Devil:
" Their grateful parents will your pains requite,
" And fill the boxes on an author's night.
" 'Twas you unlock'd a pious parent's doors
For pandars, gamſters, whores and ſons of whores;

" And with uncommon filial duty bleſt,
" Sent her from hell on earth, in heaven to reſt.
" But to my purpoſe.—In the world above,
" Bound by reſembling characters and love,
" We liv'd together, and together ſtray'd
" In vice's public walk and ſecret ſhade.
" I found thee apt in every artful wile,
" Proud to defame, and eager to beguile.
" Whene'er I ſigh'd to practiſe a deceit,
" In thee my coz, I found the ready cheat.
" Whene'er I wanted falſehood to ſupply
" The place of truth,—you found the ready lie.
" When, to give ſpirit to ſome tedious hour,
" I wiſh'd to ſee the pedant parſon lower,
" To make the ſimple ſtare, the virtuous ſigh,---
" Your tongue pour'd forth the ready blaſphemy.
" But now the ſcene is chang'd; that farce is o'er
" And e'en your falſehood will aſſiſt no more.
" Start not at what I ſay,---well-temper'd youth!
" Be not alarm'd,---you now muſt ſpeak the truth.
" Look not ſo pale, 'twill ſuit your nature well;
" You *ly'd on earth*, and you *ſpeak truth in hell.*"
This chear'd him much, and made his cheek to glow,
And ſav'd his boſom from the threat'ning woe:
Which when his lordſhip ſaw, in haughty tone
He thus laid claim to the infernal throne:
" Is there a guilty deed I have not done?
" What ſay you, coz?" The captain anſwer'd, " none!"
" Have I not whor'd myſelf, and made thee whore?
" Confirm it with an oath!"---The captain ſwore.
" Have I not acted every villain's part?
" Have I not broke a noble parent's heart?
" By deeds of ill have I not ſeem'd to live?"
The captain gave a bold affirmative.
" Do I not daily boaſt, how I betray'd
" The tender widow, and the virtuous maid?
" Theſe ſerious crimes you know, and many more:
" Swear ſir!"---By *Ninus' Queen* the captain ſwore!
(The Queen who lur'd him to diſgrace his cloth,
And gave him bread, now ſerv'd him for an oath).

But

But as he ſpoke, there iſſued from the crowd,
* * the baſe, the cruel, and the proud;
And eager cried, "I boaſt ſuperior claim
"To Hell's dark throne, and * * is my name.
"What, ſhall that ſtripling Lord contend with me?
"I have four ſons as old and bad as he!
"Whate'er he ſwears, I'll ſwear---he ſays, I'll ſay!
"And look, all gracious king, *my hairs are grey!*"
Th' aſtoniſh'd demons on each other gaz'd,
And Satan's ſelf ſat ſilent and amaz'd;
Revolving, in his dubious mind, the ſtate
And crimes of each aſpiring candidate;
Then clanking chains and doleful ſhrieks were heard,
And injur'd * *'s raving ghoſt appear'd *:
His boſom heav'd with many a torturing ſigh,
And bloody ſtreams guſh'd forth from either eye.
With piteous look he did a tale unfold,
Black with ſuch horrid deeds, that, being told,
Hell's craggy vaults with acclamations ring,
And joyful ſhouts of——"* * ſhall be king!"

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* See the *Letters of Junius* where that able Writer has obſerved, with his uſual ſpirit and good ſenſe, upon this guilty tranſaction. *Junius* felt human nature, and would not ſuffer his pen to trace all the particulars of it. To degrade the criminal, they ſhould be remembered; but for the ſake of humanity, they had better be forgotten.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

Pleas'd he spoke, there rallied from the crowd,
* * the bold, the cruel, and the proud;
And eager cried, "I long to meet the foe,
To hell's dark throne and * * is my name.
What, shall a king command and I refuse?
Whatever be threats, I'll never—believe his lies!
And look, all tremble at the king, and pay!"
The phantom's curses on each other pass'd,
And Satan scarce could hear what was said;
Revolving, in his fabling mind, the fate
And means of each aspiring candidate;
Then rising, placed upon his head a crown
With piteous look he did a sash unfold,
Black with such horrid deeds, that, being told,
Hell's empty vaults with acclamations rang,
And joyful shouts of——* * shall be king!"

THE SECOND PART.

DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MADAM,

WHEN I looked into the world for a man whose merits would entitle him to receive the Dedication of the first part of this Work, I found him in the rank of Nobility.——In pursuit of a similar character of your sex, I am led to the same source; and I take the liberty of asking you Ladyship's patronage to the second part of it, as a person highly deserving of the title to which this address is directed.

In the various views and designs of life, there are not many who attain the completion of them. Some are, as it were, in a continual chace, and, from the cradle to the grave, do not appear to gain upon the flying object of their pursuit: like the ancient inhabitants of ARCADIA, who, after many endeavours to overtake the sun, always found themselves at the same distance from it. Others seem to be continually on the point of attaining what they pursue, yet never attain it; like children who

hunt

hunt their ſhadows, which, tho' they appear to be within their reach, are never to be caught: while there are ſome few, and but a few, whoſe wiſhes are fulfilled, and who live to compleat the characters which have been the objects of their ambition; like thoſe fortunate voyagers whom tempeſts have not threatened, nor dangers alarmed, and whoſe bark has been wafted by propitious gales to the haven where they would be. You ſeem madam, to be of the latter deſcription: I congratulate you upon it; and feel myſelf greatly beholden to your Ladyſhip for ſaving me much diſtraction and difficulty by affording me, in yourſelf, an indiſputable patroneſs to the following pages.

To ſuch a title your merits preclude all conteſt; and even in theſe days of rivalry and competition, if an inquiry ſhould be made after *the Worſt Woman in His Majeſty's Dominions*, there is not, I am ſure, a daring individual of your ſex who would diſpute the ſuperiority with you.—Female envy will acknowledge it; and the love of precedency, which is ſaid to be ſo darling a paſſion in the female breaſt, would moſt willingly give way to your ſupremacy in the line of life which you have choſen.

It is with real ſatisfaction that I acknowledge the conſummate merit of your Ladyſhip's character. It has been your great object to obtain it; and nothing leſs than the attention of your whole life could have been rewarded with ſuch compleat ſucceſs.——Much of human fame is owing to chance or accident; and there are but few who win their honours, as it were, ſtep by ſtep, and are indebted for them to their own activity and perſevering wiſdom.---You are, madam, of that ſmall but meritorious band, who have thus fairly gained the titles which the public voice has beſtowed upon you.

It has been ſaid, that no man was ever conſidered as an hero by his valet-de-chambre; by which I ſupoſe we

are

are to underſtand, that the greateſt men poſſeſs their littleneſſes, which, in the opinion of thoſe who have the opportunity of ſeeing them, will not fail to tarniſh the ſplendor of their greateſt actions.———An *Alexander the Great* roaring a drunken catch, and a *Duke* of *Marlborough* trembling at the tongue of his wife, may ſerve for examples to illuſtrate the truth of the forgoing aſſertion.——Your Ladyſhip, however, is an eminent exception to it; and I firmly believe, that the confidential attendant on your toilette ſees nothing in your moſt private actions, which belies the opinion of mankind concerning you.

Your Lord, itis well known, bears his teſtimony in your favour; and thinks your perſon, character, and conduct, the moſt proper ſubjects of entertainment for the dirtieſt drabs of the loweſt brothels. Your daughters alſo acknowledge, that, with many ſimilar notions, you have inſtilled into their boſoms a ſuſpicion of their mother. Your gallants, for the title of lovers would diſgrace both yourſelf and them, add to the celebrity of your character by the bluſhing honours which adorn their own: and your Acquaintance, I mean the people of Faſhion who frequent your houſe, do you the credit to avoid, if poſſible, the ſitting down to any of your own card-tables, if they have the leaſt ſuſpicion that you are to be of the party.——As to friends, they are out of the queſtion. To poſſeſs one friend, would be to forfeit the title which I have given you; and to aim at deſerving friendſhip, would be to infringe upon that rare conſiſtency of conduct, which you have hitherto preſerved in a manner ſo peculiar to yourſelf.

I do not, Madam, purſue the ordinary courſe of flattering authors, who are too much diſpoſed to offer general aſſertions of their patrons merit, without affording a ſingle proof that they poſſeſs it; or to invade the province of the biographer, by a preciſe detail of the lives and converſations of thoſe perſons to whom they

dedi-

dedicate their labours. I have taken the middle path; and given that general ſketch of your character which will be ſufficient to prove the propriety of this addreſs, and that I do not flatter nor deceive you when I declare, that Lady———is the very Worſt Woman in his Majeſty's Dominions.

I am, MADAM,

with all due reſpect,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Moſt obedient, humble Servant.

THE

THE DIABOLIAD,

PART SECOND.

THE clamour ceas'd;—but long the ſound was hurl'd,
In rumbling echoes, through th' infernal world:
Each hollow cavern, blue with ſulph'rous flame,
Return'd the new-elected monarch's name:
When Satan 'roſe;—and thus he bid farewel
To Royal honours and the throne of Hell.

"Ne'er did I feel, O Peers! ſuch vaſt delight,
Since I have rul'd the realms of endleſs night;
Ne'er did revenge, the inmate of my heart,
Convey ſuch real joy through every part
Of my big ſoul, as when the applauſive groan
Of Hell call'd *I*——to its regal throne.
Man I deteſt!—His highly-favour'd race,
Form'd from our fall, and rais'd by our diſgrace,
Have felt my conſtant fury from the day
That liſt'ning Eve became an eaſy prey.
Whate'er of ill has ſince annoy'd the Earth,
I brought it forth——I gave the miſchief birth.
No crime throughout the world was ever known,
But took its ſource from this vindictive throne.

" Murder and luſt are mine, they ſpring from me,
I gave them being, and by my decree
They deſolate the Earth.——I give the word,
And ſtrait is drawn the all-deſtroying ſword
Of cruel war; as ſoon, the heaps of ſlain
Gorge the fell vultures and pollute the plain.
I light the brand of Democratic rage,
And ſons with fathers, friends with friends engage.
E'en beauty ſhrieks in vain, and infant blood
O'er flows the cradle with a crimſon flood.
The burning love of ſway, the vice of Kings,
From the ſame certain ſource of evil ſprings:
With pride or meanneſs I can man deprave;
I form the tyrant, and I mould the ſlave.
Ill is my good!—I wage eternal ſtrife
With every joy that ſweetens human life.
Does Hymen droop and mourn with downcaſt eye,
His torch inverted and his ruin nigh?
I baniſh from his breaſt the chaſte deſire
That fans, with gentle breath, the amorous fire.
Does friendſhip from the croud herſelf ſeclude,
Scar'd by the menace of ingratitude?
I drive her to the ſhades;— I raiſe the ſprite
That chills her flowing bounties with affright.
Does honour 'gainſt the bribe his purpoſe hold?
I ſtamp my image on the proffer'd gold;
I ſharpen all his wants, and well I know
The moment to ſecure the ſturdy foe.
Does fev'riſh luſt turn his inſatiate eye
Upon the virgin charms of chaſtity?
I give his form the lovelineſs of youth;
I teach his tongue to ape the ſtrain of truth;—
I fit her boſom to the winning praiſe,
And aid the pleaſing flatt'ry that betrays.
But when the ſpoiler from the victim turns,
And for another's charms intenſely burns;
The ruin'd fair-one ſeeks a friend in vain,
Nor friends nor kindred will aſſuage her pain:
To make her hopeleſs, I conſign her name
To the foul blaſtings of malignant fame;

" And

" And when she looks to heav'n I check the prayer,
And leave her to the tortures of despair.
When ghastly murder roams abroad for food,
Urg'd by the burning thirst of human blood,
I give the Fiend the unreluctant knife,
Whose point lets out the purple stream of life.
Is half-starv'd avarice, of spirit bold
To practise any fraud that gets him gold?
Say, does he tremble when a just demand
Exacts some trifling tribute at his hand?
The courage that performs the worthless deed,
And fear that checks the good, from me proceed.
The vengeful man, who, of his purpose proud,
Stalks 'mid the darkness of night's sable cloud,
And waits, with steady zeal, to strike the blow
That rids him of his passion and his foe;
From my suggestions, in his bosom keeps
The rankling sense of wrong that never sleeps;
Nor any respite knows, 'till in the breast
Of him he hates his dagger is at rest.
Or, in the mask of friendship, must he cheat
Suspicion ever jealous of deceit;
I clothe his face in adamantine smile,
That will for years the dark design beguile,
If years, with tardy step, must pass away,
Ere he, with deadly grasp, can seize the prey.
Does the rich youth, who, 'rising from controul,
Speaks the warm dictates of a vicious soul;
Does he, impatient of a public name,
Think cards, and dice, and whores, will give him fame?
My watchful spirits fail not to prepare
The gilded phantom, and the painted snare:
Some trim the wanton's smiles, and some impart
Unsettled notions of the gambling art:
Besieg'd by noble knaves who, wond'ring, bless
The pow'r that crowns their cunning with success,
He yields the atoms of his golden store,
Till they can win, and he can lose no more.
At length he droops, each golden feather gone,
And gasping reason tells him he's undone:

" Then, as, with wild deſpair, his nature's wrung,
I plant the curſe on his blaſpheming tongue ;
With helliſh love, to eaſe his mortal pain,
I guide the bullet to his madd'ning brain.
—Does the ſtern ſon of virtue, foe to ſtrife,
Saunter along the private path of life ?
Tho aided by the power that governs mine,
He may defeat each obſtinate deſign
Of Diabolic fraud I never ceaſe
With agonizing doubts to wound his peace ;
And, as he prays, I half avert his eye
From the ſupporting ſuccours of the ſky.
Or ſhould he mingle in the toils that wait
Upon the public ſervice of the ſtate ;
There ſtand, another ABDIEL, firm and bold,
Whoſe ſteady purpoſe all-perſuaſive gold
Knows not to change,—whoſe well-determin'd ſoul
Hell ſtrives in vain to conquer and controul ;
Still I have arts to cloud his growing fame,
And darken half the honours of his name.
But ſhould his warm and generous acts diſpel
The duſky miſts of envy and of Hell ;
Should dark miſtruſt, enlighten'd by the rays
Of Heav'n-inſpiring virtue ſing his praiſe ;
Sill there's a power behind who ſeldom fails,
And 'gainſt deploring virtue oft prevails :—
SELF-INTEREST, always crawling on the Earth,
From whence the ſubtle paſſion drew its birth,
Shall form a faction 'gainſt the virtuous man,
And deep in miſchief frame th' unerring plan.
Conſpiracy, of day's broad beam afraid,
By midnight brought, ſhall give her welcome aid ;
While whiſp'ring murder tells them that ſhe knows
Where the ſharp dagger's forg'd, and henbane grows.
Theſe will ſucceed ;—the poiſon or the knife
Muſt quench the luſtre of the good man's life.
Virtue almoſt her heavenly form belies,
When by the villain's hand her hero dies ;
Beſide his corpſe ſhe ſtands in doubtful mood,
And goodneſs almoſt trembles to be good.

" Such

" Such are our trophies!—Late on INDIA's ſhore
This deed is done, and *Pigot* is no more.
These acts of ſov'reign power I need not tell
To you, ye ſable Counſellors of Hell,
Whoſe ſage advice has help'd me to maintain,
E'en to this hour, the glories of my reign;
But that the peer whom, with united voice,
You and your grateful king have nam'd their choice,
Should know, ere I reſign my regal ſtate,
The arduous toils that on this ſceptre wait;
Should know what I, alas, ſo long have known,
The cares, the fears, and ſorrows of a throne.
But now the time is come, this is the hour,
When I ſhall bid farewel to royal power:
With joy I lay the weighty honours down,
Nor heave a ſigh, tho' I reſign a crown.
—Come then, elected prince, and, from my hand,
Accept this ſymbol of ſupreme command.
This circlet, bright with many a flaming gem,
Receive—'tis Hell's imperial diadem!
Aſcend, dread king,—poſſeſs your ſplendid throne:
Hell and its vaſt domains are now your own!——
And you, ye peers, receive my kind adieu!
Reſpected, honour'd, and belov'd by you,
I long have reign'd; and if my ſov'reign power
From earlieſt time to this departing hour
Has ever ſlumber'd o'er th' important plan
Of blaſting ev'ry virtuous hope of man,
May all my deeds of vengeance fruitleſs prove,
And Hell's big hate be cheated into love."
Thus as he ſpoke, obedient clouds ſurround
His aged form, and lift him from the ground;
And as aloft their honour'd load they bear,
" Farewel!" he cried, and mingled with the air.
The roofs re-ecchoed, and each cave of Hell,
With agonizing ſhrieks, return'd, " farewel!"
Now ſolemn ſilence o'er the dark domain
Reſum'd a full but tranſitory reign.
Reluctant torture did his ſtroke ſuſpend,
And ſorrow check'd its ſobbings to attend:

The raging ſpirits curb'd the burſting groan,
To hear the gracious purpoſe of the throne;
When the king roſe, and thus his lips diſpenſe
The firſt-fruits of his heliſh eloquence.

" If words, O peers, could tell the ſenſe I feel
Of your united grace, they ſhould reveal
Throughout theſe kingdoms what my lab'ring breaſt
Strives to unfold, but cannot be expreſt.
Words are but ſounds—by deeds I'll ſtrive to prove
Worthy of this dread empire and your love;
And if my life on earth deſerv'd your praiſe;
If, in the progreſs of my mortal days,
I could attract regard from thoſe who dwell
Down in the dark and deep abyſs of hell;
Now, arm'd with all its pow'rs, I ſhall diſplay
Such inbred zeal for diabolic ſway,
Throughout the earth ſuch ſtreams of vice ſhall flow,
That Heaven itſelf will tremble at the foe.
But, ere I can unfold my proud intent,
I muſt demand, my lords, your free conſent
To get that needful help which will ſupply
Thoſe means of oppoſitions to the ſky,
Which Angels will lament, and Devils enjoy:
—*I want an* EVE *an* EDEN *to deſtroy!*—
Why ſhould I grace a ſolitary throne?
It is not fit your king ſhould reign alone!
Hell's ſplendor would agument, ſhould there be ſeen
A partner of my throne, a faithful queen!
Hell's glory would increaſe, if female art,
Should aid us to corrupt the human heart.
I late have left the world, and well I know
That virtuous woman is our ſureſt foe.
To her benignant influence is given
To ſmooth the road to virtue and to Heaven;
With calming ſmiles to chear the adverſe hour,
And ſhield the heart againſt infernal power.
From hence, 'tis plain, to what my reas'nings tend,—
That vicious woman is our firmeſt friend.
Nor need I tell, you in the path of life,
Who beſt can diſcord ſow and ſcatter ſtrife:

" What

" What art can beſt conceal the lurking guile,
And hide th' envenom'd hatred in a ſmile;
Can give to luſt the unimpaſſion'd eye,
And veil a ſtrumpet's face with modeſty;
Whoſe tongue, while it applauds, can ſcandal raiſe,
And wake ſuſpicion by its laviſh praiſe:
Theſe, theſe are woman's arts! nor theſe alone;
Our ſex they conquor, and corrupt their own.
—Man ſhall in vain his utmoſt cunning try
To lure the virgin's heart.—Tho' he apply
The moſt ſeducing arts, he ſhall not prove
Succeſsful in the trade of lawleſs love:
But let a female hand the ſnare diſguiſe,
The luſtful hunter ſoon enjoys the prize.
From man's attack the cautious virgins run;
Woman by women ſooneſt are undone.
'Tis woman then muſt be our certain lure:
Liſt beauty on your ſide, and be ſecure
That myriads of ſouls ſhall line your ſhore,
And Hell, full-fated, ceaſe to gape for more.
These are my weighty thoughts; and ſhould they move
Your wiſdoms to applaud my zealous love,
Inſtant the ſwift wing'd meſſengers of Hell
Shall ſpeed to earth, and the glad tidings tell
Of your reſolves;—and ere the diſtant ſun
Has in the heavens his daily circle run:
Ere I can ſcour around, with haſty flight,
The duſky realms of everlaſting night;
Whate'er of ill the world above can boaſt,
In female form, ſhall grace the Stygian coaſt:
The blooming and the wrinkled ſhall appear
Before your gates, and aſk admittance here.
They ſhall prefer their ſev'ral claims; and ſhe
On whom you fix your choice ſhall reign with me.
To you I owe my throne, and well I mean
From the ſame bounty to receive a queen."
The monarch ſpoke, and ſtrait throughout the bounds
Of utmoſt hell th' aſſenting ſhrieks reſounds.
The gladden'd peers their grateful voices raiſe,
And in loud ſhoutings tell their monarch's praiſe.

Each

Each, from his brow, pluck'd off the fiery zone,
And bent in meek obeiſance to the throne.
The winged fiends, by ſecret impulſe, knew
Their maſter's will, and on his errand flew:
With quick, inſtinctive motion they obey,
And ſpeed them on their unobſtructed way.
Ere they return, the ſable king prepares
To view the limits of his future cares.
His cloudy car the harneſs'd dragons bear
In rapid progreſs through the murky air.
So quick they wing it 'mid the realms of night,
The muſe, unable to attend their flight,
Will here repoſe a while, and patient wait
Till the ſtern herald opes the thund'ring gate
To let the claimants in,—Hell renews her ſtate.
But lo!—the king returns;—around his car
The forked lightnings flaſh continual war;
And jarring thunders through the vault declare
Satan enthron'd.—The ſummon'd peers repair
On ſpeedy wing to aid the deep debate,
And 'round the throne in watchful ſilence wait.
But ſoon th' impatient ſovereign wav'd his hand:
The brazen doors unfold at his command;
And to the eyes of wondering Hell diſplay
The ready claimants, whom the love of ſway,
And luſt of an imperial crown, invite
Down to the ſhades of everlaſting night:
When Satan 'riſing, with a voice as loud
As roaring ſeas, addreſs'd the liſt'ning crowd.

"Short is the ſpace ſince I, by Hell's decree,
Receiv'd the gift of immortality;
And, with the general voice, was call'd to ſway
The ſceptre which theſe duſky realms obey.
But neither could the honours which await
On this imperial charge, nor all the ſtate
Of laviſh Hell, nor the revengeful power,
The Devil's bliſs, to torture and devour
Each earthly virtue, with the fix'd controul
O'er ev'ry foul and unrepenting ſoul,
Content my vaſt deſires:—here plac'd alone,
I ſhould not feel the glories of my Throne.

To

—To theſe infernal peers I told my care,
And with their kind conſent, from you, ye fair,
I ſhall elect a conſort who will ſhine,
Beneath this dome, a real PROSERPINE:
Not ſuch as fabling bards, in idle ſong,
Have form'd to pleaſe a fond, deluded throng;
Dull and inſipid, not a woman grown,
Who ſcream'd, tho' ſhe was raviſh'd on a Throne:
For know, the fair-one who ſhall ſhare my pride,
Muſt be an artful, wicked, willing bride;—
Prone to all ill,—and whoſe relentleſs heart
Is well prepar'd to act a Devil's part.
——If ye can hear the glowing villain ſpeak
Of rapes, nor feel a bluſh upon your cheek;
If, in the fever of your raging fires,
You've left the tender languiſh for deſires
Which ne'er prevail, 'till men no longer pleaſe,
And paſſion is not nature, but diſeaſe;
If you deſpiſe an honourable name,
Or think it folly to be well with fame;
If, at the dice, you riſk the very bread
With which your little infants ſhould be fed;
If, in your youth, you play'd the harlot's part,
Or broke a fond and doating huſband's heart,
And in your age poſſeſs the forward zeal
To feed thoſe paſſions you no longer feel;
Let ſuch approach,—and ſhe who beſt can prove
Theſe titles, ſhall be mine, and ſhare my love:
And to receive her, this puiſſant throne
Shall burn with ſplendors Hell has never known.
Theſe, and whate'er my wiſhes can create,
Shall form her glory, and adorn her ſtate.
In order due, each claimant will be heard,
And ſhe who proves the worſt ſhall be preferr'd."
The monarch ceas'd to ſpeak,—and onward came
A haggard form, and GERTRUDE * was her name.

* *And* GERTRUDE *was her name.*] I cannot aſſume to myſelf the merit of this well-applied appellation.—*Junius* was the Lady's godfather, and from the firſt volume of his celebrated Letters, p. 206,—I have taken the liberty to borrow it.

To

To hide her ſallow cheeks kind art had ſpread
Its death-like whiteneſs, and the ſtreaky red.
Sunk were her eyes, yet ſtill they could impart
The proud, diſdainful feelings of her heart;
Still aim to throw, tho' ſhe had long been grey,
The luring leer that courts to amorous play.
Tall was her port, and, in her faded mien,
Some trace of former dignity was ſeen.
Aſſuming courtious airs, ſhe thus expreſs'd
The wiſhes and the ſecrets of her breaſt.

" If earthly rank, O King, could yield a claim
To ſhare your throne, and bear the royal name
Of Hell's imperial Queen;—if to diſgrace
By meaneſt deeds the honours of my race,
Could, in your judgment, ſtamp that black renown,
Which fits a mortal to partake your crown;
All conteſt here would end, and Hell decree
That you ſhould ſhare your ſable throne with me.
But whiſp'ng Dæmons tell me I muſt prove,
By ſtated facts, that I deſerve your love.—
Reſt then aſſur'd, that what I ſhall relate
Virtue deteſts, and Devils cannot hate.

" Proud I have ever been;—but all my pride
Could never bluſter meanneſs from its ſide.
My charity was never known to roam,
Nor, for a moment, left her darling home;
But at the Gaming-table took her ſtand,
And bore the golden counters to my hand;
Or ſtole the morſel from the daily board *
To feed my private purſe, that golden hoard!

---

* *From the daily board.*] However incredible it may appear, it is well known that a Dutcheſs now living was caught, by one of her ſervants, in the very act of appropriating his property to her own uſe. The ſtory is as follows: Her Groom of the Chambers, or ſome one in that capacity, having frequently miſſed the remains of the wax-lights which were his perquiſites, was reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover the thief; and watching one night, after there had been a conſiderable illumination in the prin-

" Which *B*——— knew not, and was only free
To love and luſt, to *R*——— and to me.
—Of power and of unrival'd wealth poſſeſt,
I could, by bleſſing others, have been bleſt:
From me the mourning widow might have known
To dry the tear, and curb the riſing groan:
My kindneſs might have chear'd the orphan's heart,
And, in his anguiſh, borne a mothers part,
To me decrepit ſorrow might have come,
And found, within my walls, a certain home:
The poor, deſerted foundling, by my care,
Might have been rock'd within its cradle there.
But know, my charity was better taught;
And never gave away but when it brought
Its welcome uſury;—and then, to blind
Suſpicions eyes—I ventur'd to be kind.
—A ſon I had whom none did e'er excel,
Whoſe name was lov'd in Heav'n, and curs'd in Hell.
He died.——a nation's tears his loſs deplore
And virtue cried,—"my darling is no more!"
Think you I wept, or ſought the mournful tomb,
There told my griefs till ſorrow made me dumb?
Think you I aſk'd the ſkies to eaſe my care,
Or give me ſtrength the weighty loſs to bear?
Weeping to vulgar beings may belong;———
I felt but little, nor that little long *.

---

principal apartments, he caught a woman in the fact of robbing the girandoles, luſtres, &c. of the candles ends. He naturally concluded it was one of the maid-ſervants, and was proceeding to make a very public and rediculous example of her; but it proved to be no leſs a perſon than the Ducheſs, who was under the terrible neceſſity of declaring herſelf, to eſcape the chaſtiſement with which ſhe was threatened.

* *Nor that little long.*] This moſt excellent Mother, within a very ſhort time after the death of her only and moſt amiable ſon, had a public Rout at her own houſe in Town.

My

My form array'd in black, my ſpirits too,
For ſome ſhort time, aſſum'd a ſable hue.
To drive the ſickly horrors from my heart,
Pleaſure and cards apply their healing art;
And ere two months, two little months, were o'er,
I was myſelf,—and horror was no more.
—His conſtant widow, deep immers'd in woe,
Sunk, like a blaſted flower beneath the blow,
Nor ever ſmil'd again; the biting grief
Seiz'd on her vitals, and defy'd relief,
But pitying fate ſoon calm'd the rankling care;
And one kind grave contains the faithful pair.
My tears were ſuch as thoſe brave woman ſhed,
Who watch the diſtant war and ſpoil the dead:
Each jewel that ſhe wore I ſeiz'd and ſold,
And brib'd me ſorrows with the welcome gold.*
At length, the hot, imperious B--- --- died,
And I poſſeſs'd the widow's jointer'd pride.
Freed from the bondage of a peeviſh lord,
Whom young I never lov'd, and old abhorr'd,
I felt, or ſeem'd to feel, renew'd deſire
Thrill through my veins its animating fire.
Thus re-inflam'd, again I wiſh'd to wed,
And woo'd the ſturdy ſtripling to my bed:
But *C*———left me for his ſniv'ling whore,
And wretches dar'd to ſcoff at *lewd threeſcore* *.

---

* *With the welcome gold.*] When her uncomparable Daughter-in-law died, this woman, who was the wife of a man poſſeſſed of ſixty thouſand pounds a-year, ordered all her wardrobe and trinkets to be ſold, and pocketed the money.

* The following extempory *Jeu d'eſprit* will, probably, be remembered by the generality of my polite readers.—It was ſaid to flow from the acknowledg'd wit of the Hon. Mr. F———.

L--d C——y to the D——ſs of B——: or,
The Unconsious Lovers:

Chloe

She ſpoke and paſs'd along;—behind her came,
In ſable garb array'd, a luſty dame:
And much ſhe wept, and with deep ſighs deplor'd
A ſecond huſband loſt, a firſt reſtor'd,
But ſoon ſhe wip'd the tears from off her cheek,
And, in firm accents, thus began to ſpeak:
"Friendleſs on earth, unleſs you call them friends,
Who offer kindneſs for their private ends,
Who, lur'd by hopes of gain, will ſay they love,
But, when thoſe hopes are paſt, unfaithful prove;
Before your throne I come to plead my cauſe,
And aſk protection from infernal laws.
Spoil'd, pilfer'd, harraſs'd, driven from my home,
I've long been forc'd on foreign ſhores to roam.
The demon law from off theſe temples tore
The ducal circlet which my *K*—— bore.
To aid vexation, a blood-thirſty brood
Robb'd me of all the rights of widow-hood;
Made me before the judging Peerage ſtand,
And at the awful bar hold up my hand,
While the deriding imps encreas'd my fears,
Laugh'd at my pangs, and gloried in my tears,
Then ſunk me to the very dregs of life,
From *K*— —'s widow into B— ---'s wife.
The *firſt* is now a ſaint above the ſky,
Enthron'd in Heaven with thoſe who never die:
Nor need I, to your awful preſcience, tell,
How ſoon the *laſt* will take his ſeat in Hell.
——The ſenſe of wrongs like theſe, will never reſt;
Revenge is now the tyrant of my breaſt:
'Tis not the love of rule, or wiſh to reign,
That turn'd my footſteps to this dark domain:

CHLOE declares, that tho' my heart
Trembles its paſſion to impart,
Her piercing eyes can view it:
She ſays I love her——'twould afflict her
Should I preſume to contradict her,
But hang me if I knew it.

" Revenge has led me here,——Revenge alone
Excites a wiſh to ſhare your princely throne.
If then this paſſion, as our ſages tell,
Owes its exiſtence to the king of Hell,
I bear, within my ſoul, a rightful claim
To all the honours of a conſort's name."
She paus'd,---and lo! a troop of nymphs advance,
Who weave with nimble feet the mazy dance.
Their miſtreſs follow'd, in whoſe lively mien,
Pleaſure, and love, and foolery were ſeen.
A flow'ry wreath her flowing treſſes deck,
That fall in wavy ringlets on her neck:
O'er her ſlim ſhape, with careleſs art, was drawn
An half-tranſparent robe of ſnowy lawn,
Whoſe idly-waving folds, by turns, reveal
Myſterious beauties; and, by turns, conceal.
Conſcious of youth and paſſion, thus ſhe ſpoke,
And half in earneſt ſeem'd, and half in joke.
" If amorous lures, my Lords, and roguiſh eyes
Could win your wiſhes, I ſhould gain the prize.
If an ambitious * huſband could but bribe
With glittering ore your venerable tribe;
If this, like mortal ſenates, could not hold
Its purpoſe 'gainſt the eloquence of gold;
Within this palace he would ſoon appear,
And empty half his mines to fix me here †.

---

* *If an ambitious Huſband.* | Ambition, in theſe days, is ſtrangely modified. State honours, and ſome kind of political power, which this paſſion has been generally underſtood to make its chief objects, are frequently forgotten for the ſupremacy of a Brothel, the lead of a a Faſhion, the guidance of a Phaeton, the diſplay of a Miſtreſs, or getting rid of a Wife.

† *And empty half his mines to fix me here*] It is very well known, I believe, that two noble Lords, *at leaſt*, have offer'd very great ſums to any one who would produce thoſe proofs of criminality in their wives which would effectuate a divorce. The time has been when Cuck-

" --- For me, the glories of imperial pride
Warm not my heart, nor do my wiſhes guide:
For princely favour I'll ne'er bend the knee,
I know the cheat,---I've taſted royalty.
---Eternal charms I want;---I ſeek to ſhare
Thoſe laſting beauties which deriding care,
Nor envious time can wrinkle or impair.
Does ſuch a bleſſed lot await the bride,
Whom you ſhall name to triumph by your ſide?
And will you, when the finiſh'd taſk of power
Yields to repoſe, in the ſoft am'rous hour
Of wanton dalliance, change your awful charms,
And pant a fierce *Adonis* in my arms;
While my blood rages with exhauſtleſs fires,
And added pulſes quicken new deſires?
If ſuch the joys which anxious Hell prepares
For her it calls to ſooth its monarch's cares,
I would a fond, enamour'd conſort prove,
And give new reliſh to a Devil's love.
—But if deep frauds and dark deſigns alone
Can form pretenſions to your ſplendid throne,
Vain is my aim;—for all my vices lie
In one poor, ſimple crime———ADULETRY.
I wiſh no ill, nor am to miſchief prone;
I'm hoſtile to no intereſts but my own.
Tho' mine's a pliant temper, and your ſkill
Might ſhape my yielding nature to your will:
And ſure, in Hell, as well as mortal life,
Compliance is a virtue in a wife.
To prove theſe truths,—there's evidence in Hell;
Let MONTAGUE be call'd, for he can tell."
She ſpoke, and mingled with the circling throng,
Who chaunted amorous notes, and danc'd along.

Cuckoldom was rather in diſcredit; but now, a Peer of the Realm will give ten thouſand pounds to have his horns expoſed and examined by the Spiritual, Civil, and Parliamentary Courts of Juſtice.

The next, a bulky form came on, that wore
A female mantle, tho' her features bore
A manly ſhape, and would almoſt perplex
A matron's judgment to declare the ſex:
Long curling hairs upon her chin appear'd
Of colour grey, a form'd and ſtraggling beard;
Gems; of uncouth device, together ſtrung,
Around her neck in ſtrange diſorder hung;
And on her thumb ſhe wore a ring would buy
Half of a *German* Principality.
—On either ſide a blooming nymph was ſeen,
Bright in the bluſh and beauty of fifteen;
Around their necks her wither'd arms were laid
And on their breaſts her amorous fingers play'd:
At length the neutral ſhape its ſtory told,
And, in hoarſe murmurs, thus the accents roll'd:
"I ne'er was able, e'en when I was young,
To ſpeak the muſic of a flattering tongue:
Grown old, how ſhall I frame a ſoothing tale,
Or hope ſucceſs where varniſh'd words prevail?
But I poſſeſs, dread ſire, a pow'rful friend,
Who to your throne my virtues will commend.
Ere I deſcended from the world above,
I ſought him in a gardenjs green alcove:
PRIAPUS is his name; and on his ſhrine
I pour'd the ruddy ſtreams of coſtly wine.
To grace the rites, ſix virgin cocks I ſlew;
Their life-warm rills his bloated cheeks bedew;
Then daſh their haſty ſprinklings on his breaſt,
While leſſer ſtreams ſink down beneath the veſt,
Whoſe crimſon folds my fingers twin'd around
His ſturdy waiſt, and with a fillet bound.
—Thus as I paid my vows,—with graceful care,
Attending nymphs the flowery crown prepare:
The ſnow-drop and the flaunting crocus vie,
With verdant myrtle, who can beſt ſupply
A chaplet for the god; while all combine
To form the wreaths which deck the brow divine.
—Then, from my fingers, I an offering drew,
A ſapphire, work'd with rare device, and blue

As

As the dark flames belch'd forth from yonder cave,
With rubies, glowing as the ſtreams that lave
Yon fiery fields :---to theſe an onyx rare
I join'd, preſerv'd with unremitted care,
That ſtill retain'd thoſe beauties which it wore,
When art firſt grav'd it on the GRECIAN ſhore.
Upon the deep indented ſurface it diſplay'd
A naked naiad in the ruſhes laid,
While lurking ſatyrs watch'd th' unconſcious maid.
Such wond'rous art the maſter's hand had ſhewn,
That, in the gloſſy labours of the ſtone,
Her boſom ſeem'd to heave, her cheeks to glow,
While round her charms the wond'ring waters flow.
Nor had he mark'd, with leſs excelling ſkill,
The monſter's letch'rous looks and wanton will.
---The god receiv'd the gifts, and ſhew'd his grace
By lucky omens on the ſacred place :
Two am'rous ſparrows to the altar came,
And, in my ſight, indulg'd their mutual flame ;
Then fled away ;---I hail'd the gracious ſign,
And kiſs'd, with grateful zeal, the holy ſhrine.
---The reſt, my liege, by means unknown to me,
Some meſſage, from my patron deity *,
Will ſoon impart and every virtue tell,
By which I claim to be the queen of Hell."
She ceas'd to ſpeak,---but long her words rebound,
And echo labour'd with the rumbling ſound,

---

* *Some meſſage, from my patron deity.*] If any objection ſhould be made to the introducing of a pagan deity to a chriſtian devil, I ſhall beg leave to obſerve, that it is perfectly conſiſtent with the notions we are taught to frame of both. The devil, being the parent of falſhood, in whatever ſhape it may appear, whether civil or religious, the pagan divinities, which my readers, without doubt, will acknowledge to be falſe ones, muſt proceed from him. This conſideration, I truſt, will, at once, acquit me of the leaſt breach of mythological propriety.

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A female mantle, tho' her features bore
A manly ſhape, and would almoſt perplex
A matron's judgment to declare the ſex:
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That still retain'd those beauties which it wore,
When art first grav'd it on the GRECIAN shore.
Upon the deep indented surface it display'd
A naked naiad in the rushes laid,
While lurking satyrs watch'd th' unconscious maid.
Such wond'rous art the master's hand had shewn,
That, in the glossy labours of the stone,
Her bosom seem'd to heave, her cheeks to glow,
While round her charms the wond'ring waters flow.
Nor had he mark'd, with less excelling skill,
The monster's letch'rous looks and wanton will.
---The god receiv'd the gifts, and shew'd his grace
By lucky omens on the sacred place :
Two am'rous sparrows to the altar came,
And, in my sight, indulg'd their mutual flame ;
Then fled away ;---I hail'd the gracious sign,
And kiss'd, with grateful zeal, the holy shrine.
---The rest, my liege, by means unknown to me,
Some message, from my patron deity *,
Will soon impart and every virtue tell,
By which I claim to be the queen of Hell."
She ceas'd to speak,---but long her words rebound,
And echo labour'd with the rumbling sound,

---

* *Some message, from my patron deity.*] If any objection should be made to the introducing of a pagan deity to a christian devil, I shall beg leave to observe, that it is perfectly consistent with the notions we are taught to frame of both. The devil, being the parent of falshood, in whatever shape it may appear, whether civil or religious, the pagan divinities, which my readers, without doubt, will acknowledge to be false ones, must proceed from him. This consideration, I trust, will, at once, acquit me of the least breach of mythological propriety.

To her ſucceeds a form of different mould,
Briſk, pert and airy,---inſolent and bold;
Dreſs'd up by folly, in fantaſtic mood,
Who well had hid all trace of widowhood.
Her daring looks that want of ſhame diſplay'd,
Which wounds the married fair,---but damns the maid.
Unaw'd by Satan's pomp,---ſhe wav'd her fan,
And thus her motley argument began.

" I've ventur'd here, you ſee, dread ſir to ſport
A figure, in your diabolic court;———
And if your lights were ſnuff'd, and I was ſeen,
I'm certain you'd elect me for your queen:
And were I ſeated on your royal throne,
I'd give a taſte for pleaſures never known
Within your realms:---New projects of delight
Should form a paradiſe in endleſs night.
---Poſſeſs'd of ſuch domains,---ſo highly plac'd,
You're doubly curs'd to be unbleſs'd with taſte:
Eternal lamps ſhould diſſipate the gloom,
And ſulph'rous odours yield to ſweet perfume:
While bands of ſpirits ſhould expand their throats
And drown theſe yells with their angelic notes.
Tho' not of royal birth,---I, yet, have known
The love of one who border'd on a throne;--
And all who ſee muſt own my dazzling charms
Would tempt a monarch to my willing arms:
Dukes Lords, and Commoners, alike have ſtrove,
To gain my favour, and ſecure my love;
And much I joy'd to ſee the gaudy crowd
Sigh for my ſmiles, and of my notice proud.
But ſince, by envy brib'd, the ſtrumpet fame
Has dar'd to blaſt my honourable name;
Since cold diſcretion waves her nervleſs hand,
To chill their warmth who bow'd at my command;
I hate whate'er is found in mortal life,
And here prefer my claim to be your wife;
And ere I've reign'd one hour, all Hell ſhall know
New pleaſures, and the damn d forget their woe."
---She ſaid no more, but with low rev'rence bow'd
On either ſide, and mingled with the crowd,

And

And now advancing, ſtep by ſtep, there came
A pallid ſobbing, melancholy dame:
The ſable robes which widows wear, ſhe wore,
And in her hand the moiſten'd linen bore.
At length, ſhe wip'd the waters from her cheek,
And, in faint accents, thus began to ſpeak.
" To ſeek your proffer'd throne I hither came,
Warm with ambition's animating flame;
But as I paſs'd your gates,---all pale and wan,
The ghaſtly ſpectre of a murder'd man
Came 'thwart my way; his glaring eye-balls ſtood
Fix'd in their ſockets all beſtain'd with blood:
In either hand he wav'd a gory knife,
Then ſhew'd a deadly wound, and call'd me wife:
I am thy huſband ſtill, he wildly cried,---
Thou know'ſt me well,---my name is Suicide:
And doſt thou hope in theſe abodes to reign?
Thy hopes are fruitleſs, and thy wiſhes vain!
Ne'er ſhall you more engender nuptial ſtrife,
Nor make a doting huſband blaſt his life:
'Tis yours to mourn a lonely widow'd ſtate,
And weep, with bitter tears, my ſorry fate.
Haſte then from hence, and, in the realms of day,
May pale contrition waſh your ſtains away!
Behold I plunge theſe daggers in my breaſt;
That is the ſheath, he cried, where they muſt reſt.
Think not their points deſtroy;---their ſtroke is vain!
I only ſuffer death to live again!
I only live again,---again to die!
And, as he wildly ſpoke, he lifted high
His angry arms,---and, in the bleeding wound,
The driven blades a well-known paſſage found.
He fell;---the dragon Dæmons ſeiz'd their prey,
And on ſwift pinions bore his form away.
Confus'd, alarm'd, and ſhuddering at the ſight,
I fain wou'd turn me from the ſhades of night.
Chang'd are my thoughts, and now I only claim
To be reſtor'd to Earth, from whence I came."
---The king commands,--and quick the Dame is hurl'd
Back to the lightſome confines of the World.

Now

Now ſputtering vulgar words, and talking loud,
A matron fought her paſſage through the crowd,
And in her hands, victorious trophies! bore
Fragments of caps and ribbons ſhe had tore
From of the heads, and necks, and arms of thoſe
Who dar'd her progreſs to the throne oppoſe.
The venom'd ſpite that rankled in her heart,
Did from her eyes its noxious glances dart.
On all around, and every claimant there
Was doom'd, if looks could do it, to deſpair.
Art, that ſo well preſerves the fading grace,
Could not conceal the wrinkles of her face;
Beneath its glowing crimſon there appears
The mark of more than five-and-fifty years.
—Behind her follow'd an inferior name,
Whom Faſhion had exalted into fame,
But ſick'ning at her follies, pull'd her down,
And left her almoſt naked on the town.
Pity'd by none, abandon'd to deſpair,
Beneath her loving Aunt's propitious care,
She hop'd, in Hell, ſome courtly grace to ſhare.
---Order reſtord,---the matr on thus made known
Her right to ſit with Satan on his throne:
" They who have well obſerv'd me through my life,
Or in my *Maiden* ſtate, or as a *Wife*,
Have by this title mark'd their honeſt praiſe,---
--- *The* MESSALINA *of theſe modern days* *.
To aid their words, my huſband will declare,
I well deſerve the character I bear †:

---

* MESSALINA *of theſe modern days.*] *Meſſalina* was the wife of the *Roman* Emperor *Claudius*, infamous for her debancheries, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. for which, I think it is ſaid, ſhe ſuffered death.

† *I well deſerve the character I bear.*] I have really heard of a Huſband who was ſo ambitious of his Wife's affections, as to promote, rather than obſtruct, her infidelities to his bed; and who had ſuch an opinion of her honeſty as, when he had been robbed to a very conſider-

Tho', could I chuſe, I'd build my hopes of fame
Upon the merits of a mother's name.
Throughout our world, not one, I think, would dare
To be my rivals in maternal care.
E'en in their very cradles, I began
To fit my daughters for the uſe of man:
Each nat'ral blemiſh did with art conceal,
And ev'ry riſing charm with care reveal.
To form their growing minds was not my trade;
I could not give their underſtandings aid,---
But left them to the teachings of their maid
Who ply'd, with honeſt zeal, her utmoſt care
To make them read and mutter forth a prayer.
---Mine was a nobler taſk,——to form the grace,
To plant the wanton dimple in the face;
To aid the ſmile, and give the winning art
That lures to beauty's ſnare the careleſs heart;
To make them conſcious of their charms, and pleaſe
With open air, and unaffected eaſe:——
And if the girls were here, my Lords, they'd tell
That my maternal care has anſwer'd well.
Tho' one indeed, and ſhe was beſt belov'd,
To all my fondneſs moſt ungrateful prov'd:
But I was well reveng'd:---when all was gay,
I curs'd the *Vixen* on her *Wedding* day:
Againſt her entrance ſhut my angry gate,
And turn'd my love at once to laſting hate *.

ſiderable amount, to caution the Officers of Juſtice if, in their enquiry after the offenders, they ſhould have the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect that his Wife was concerned, to proſecute the matter no further, and to give him immediate information.

* *To laſting hate.*] If a young lady, previous to her marriage, ſhould intreat her father not to ſuffer the money that he may propoſe to expend in ornaments, &c. for the occaſion to paſs through her Mother's hands, aſſigning as a reaſon for her requeſt, that ſhe would pocket half of it, there would be ſome grounds to think her a *vixen* indeed, and a very ſorry one:—but if we ſhould

be

To chilly friendſhips I could ne'er deſcend;
Lovers I've had, but never knew a friend.
The burning ſtream that hurried through my veins
In my young girliſh days, in age remains.
E'en now I feel th' invigorating fire;---
Devils alone can quell the fierce deſire.
But other paſſions other wants impart;
Luſt warms my blood, the love of gold my heart:
Theſe rule my ſoul with an alternate ſway,
And, as they rule, I willingly obey.
When luſt prevails,---the ſturdy ſtallion's led
To act his ſetch'ries on my huſband's bed.
When av'rice takes its turn,---the glitt'ring ore
By ſly manœuvres ſwells my pilfer'd ſtore.
---My houſe your temple is:---the ſabbath due
To Heaven's High Lord, I conſecrate to you:
And on the evening of that ſacred day
I ſacrifice to revelry and play *.
—Such are my merits, and by ſuch alone
I claim to be your ſpouſe, and ſhare your throne."
She ſpoke, and tow'rds the king a wiſhful eye
She fondly caſt, and hop'd a kind reply.
When from behind, a claiming voice was heard,
And ſoon an aged, ſtately dame appear'd:
Already rob'd for ſov'reign rule, ſhe bare
The ermine dreſs which ſacred Monarchs wear;
Nor deign'd with ſuppliant look to aſk a throne,
But thus demanded what ſhe thought her own.

---

be convinced that her good Mother had really play'd this profitable game on the marriages of two of her ſiſters, our diſpoſition to blame the young Lady would be converted into an admiration of her ſpirit, in withſtanding ſo baſe a fraud.

* *I ſacrifice to revelry and play.*] This perſon was one of the firſt, if not the very firſt of thoſe who, to enliven the dullneſs of the Sabbath, had a public rout every *Sunday* evening.—It required ſome degree of courage to eſtabliſh this buſineſs;—but, I believe, in the way of worldly wiſdom, it has anſwered. "I

" I come to claim my right, if mortals know
To whom belong the honours you beſtow.
Nor need I to your awful highneſs tell,
That they have long declar'd me *Queen of Hell.*
This title they conferr'd with general voice,
And I require that you confirm their choice.
The deed yourſelf contriv'd, you muſt approve;
Haſte then, and take me to your throne and love."
She ſaid no more.——The peers in ſilence wait,
Revolving in their dubious minds the fate
Of their infernal throne,—and who ſhould ſhare
With their imperial king, imperial care.
E'en for a while the Monarch ſeem'd to muſe,
Uncertain which to take, or to refuſe;
And ere he could reſolve, a ſullen ſhade
Stalk'd tow'rds the throne, and her remonſtrance made.
Her ſplendid form was faded,——and no more
Upon her head the ducal crown ſhe wore,
Luſt, in a Negro's ſhape array'd, and Pride
Took their ſupporting ſtations by her ſide.
I come not here," ſhe ſaid, " to cringe and ſue
For honours to my rank and nature due;
But, in the name of every Female Ghoſt,
Whoſe fate's decreed, whoſe ſoul's for ever loſt,
This day's unjuſt proceeding to oppoſe,
That aggravates the pain of endleſs woes.
If your infernal wiſdoms have obey'd
Our Monarch's ardent wiſhes, and to aid
The purpoſes of Hell, have thought it meet
A Queen ſhould grace our King's imperial ſeat,
I laud the deed; but wherefore ſummon down
From earth your claimants for the infernal crown?
And is it thus our choſen Sov'reign proves
His firm affection to the realm he loves?
What,---cannot Hell, from all its ſulph'rous caves,
Or off the toſſing of its fiery waves,
Call forth one female dæmon fit to wear
The ſiſter-crown to that his temples bear!
---Since you, ye grov'ling peers, could thus deſcend
From your high natures, and untimely bend

" oT

To aſk a mortal aid; ye ſoon ſhall know
The flaming vengeance of a female foe.
The deed has rais'd that enmity in Hell,
Which his uplifted ſceptre will not quell.
Millions of female fiends are on the wing
Arm'd to dethrone your new-elected king:
And, from their own victorious bands, they mean
To chuſe a potent and ſelf-reigning queen.
—Think not I ſpeak in fables; ——from afar,
I hear the tumults of approaching war."
—And, as ſhe ſpoke, high in the doom appear'd
Diſcord's wild form;—the hiſſing ſerpents rear'd
Their angry creſts around her direful head,
And from her hands the ſparkling torches ſhed,
Among th' aſtoniſh'd crowd, their raging flame;
Arrous'd, they call upon their Monarch's name;—
Then form a radiant circle 'round the throne,
To guard the royal honours and their own,
Nor did the hoſtile bands their flight delay;
On ruſtling wing they ſpeed them on the way,
Revenge led on the van, and in the rear,
The furies, arm'd in all their wrath, appear.
—Affrighted Hell re-echoed to the roar,
In burſting thunders on the Stygian ſhore.
Here ceaſe, my muſe,—and upwards take thy flight,
From the dark reigons of eternal night,
To feel the cheering ſun, and, in his ray,
For ſome ſhort ſeaſon, to diſport and play:
Then, with recruited ſtrength, thy ſong ſhall tell
The well-fought battles and the fate of HELL.



FINIS.